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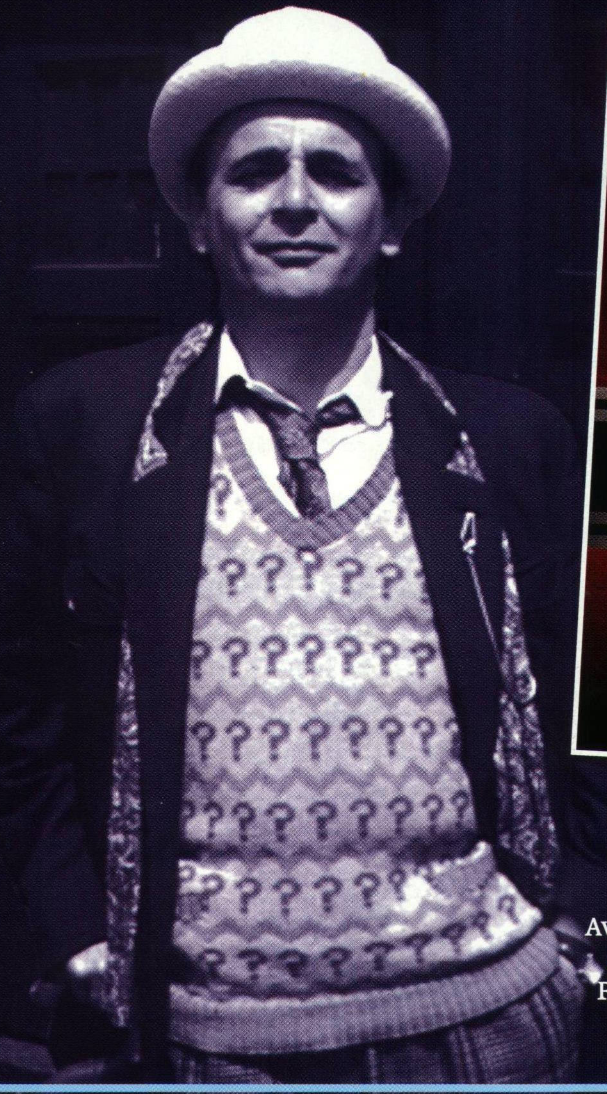

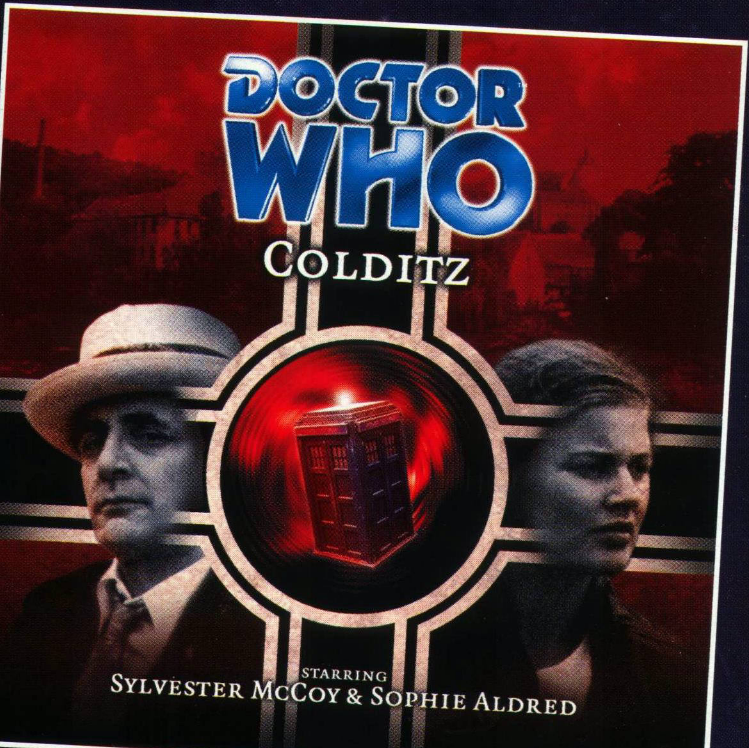
DOCTOR WHO
COLDITZ
STARRING
SYLVESTER McCOY & SOPHIE ALDRED

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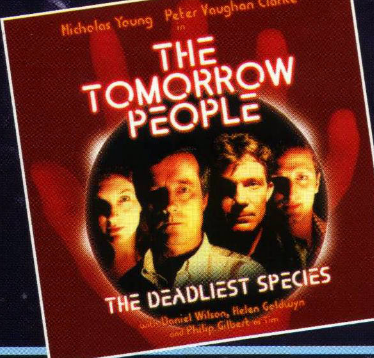
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DWM 310

'Never mind all that homespun philosophical balderdash!'

FEATURES

14 That's Mavic!

Guardian of the Solar System! Head of International Electromatics! Leader of the Vogans! Actor Kevin Stoney has notched up some impressive *Doctor Who* credits. **DWM** talks to him about sharing the limelight with Daleks, Cybermen and no less than three Doctors ...

18 Fully booked

Tales From the Fiction Factory continues – and with its *Doctor Who* output doubling, it's time for Virgin Books to bring new blood to the *New Adventures*, both on the page and behind the scenes ...

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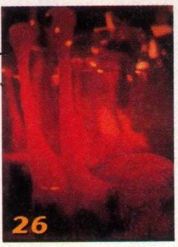
Time meddling

Ever played fantasy *Doctor Who*? Wondered how Tom might trump Azal? How Billy might best Mestor? How Colin might cope battling giant rats in Victorian London? Join us as we step sideways into the series' history – our tongues firmly in cheek ...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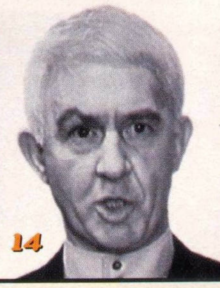
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Congratulations to **Julie Rogers**, who made an honest man of **DWM** Archivist **Andrew Pixley** at their recent wedding. Best wishes from all of us!

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Editor's letter THE LIFE OF FACTS

You lot like your facts – and yes, I have to confess that my heart beats just a little faster too whenever Andrew Pixley, **DWM**'s Grand Marshal of the 'P as B', unearths yet another cache of dust-encrusted documents casting new light on *Doctor Who*'s development. Long-guarded secrets come to light all the time, be they buried in BBC archives or kept by a former Corporation minion who's been untraceable for 30-odd years. Andrew has been compiling **DWM**'s *Archive* features for over a decade now – and although they remain undoubtedly the most detailed account of *Doctor Who*'s production ever published, it's true that some of the earlier *Archives* could do with updating, to include some of the choicest facts ferreted out since they first saw print.

I'm often asked whether the *Archives* will ever be republished in book form. The answer, sadly, is 'no' – a typical *Archive* is over 8,000 words long, and to bind them together would result in a single volume holding something in the region of a million and a quarter words (where a full BBC Books novel is just 80,000 or so). *War and Peace*? Pah! Pixley will see you, Leo Tolstoy – and raise you, too, Marcel Proust ...

As we near the end of the *Archive* project in its current form (we've got less than 20 to go), we've been giving some thought to how we can update and amend all the *Archives* to date. So I'm completely delighted to announce that, early next year, Panini will publish the first in a series of lavish, limited edition, bonus-length Collector's Specials, containing addenda and errata for all the *Archives* so far – not to mention extra features by some of the very best writers in fandom. To celebrate the 20th anniversary of the transmission of *Castrovalva*, we'll be kicking off next January with *The Complete Fifth Doctor*. Watch out for more details soon, because you really won't want to miss it.

Fact!

Coming Up …

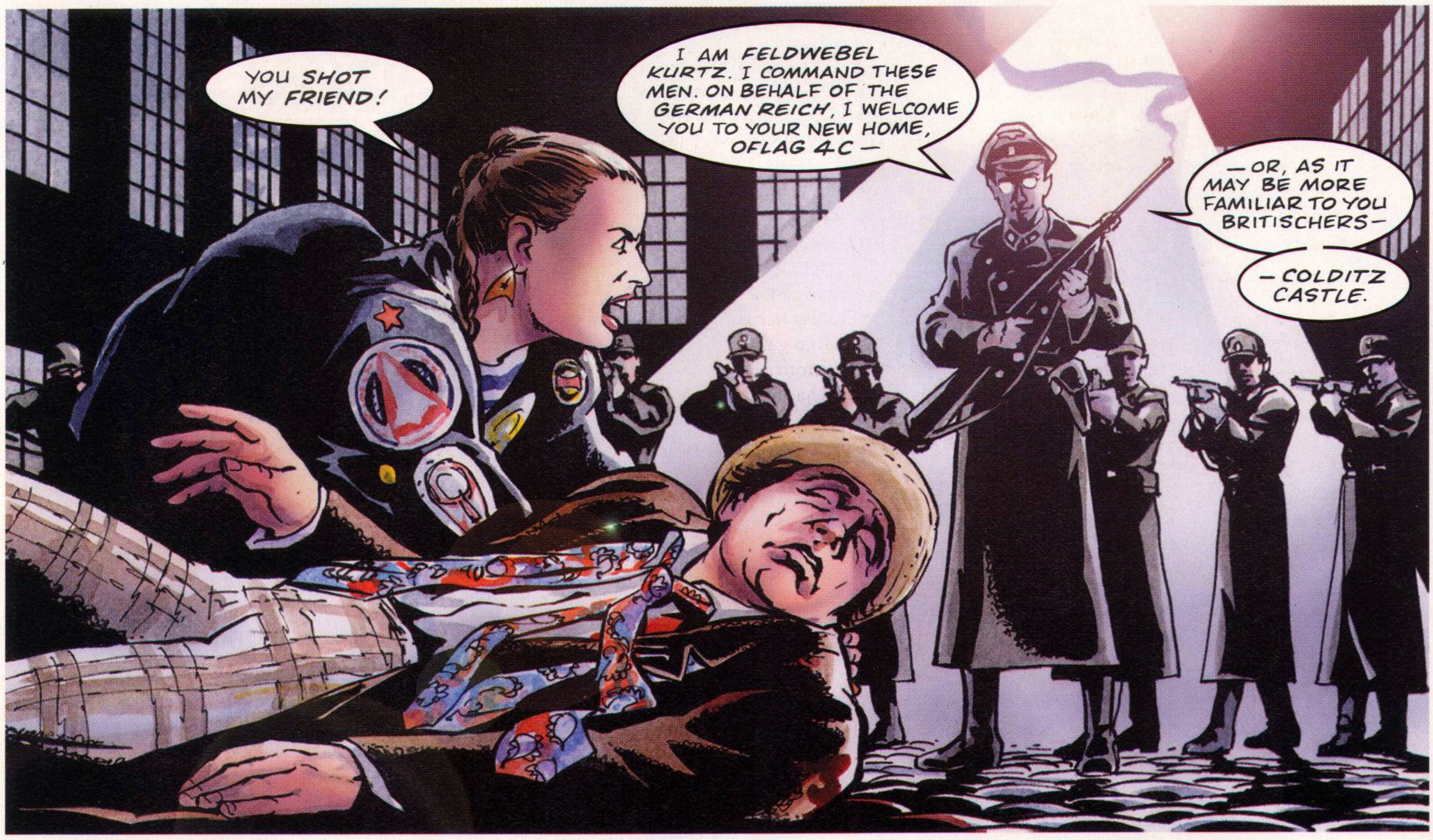
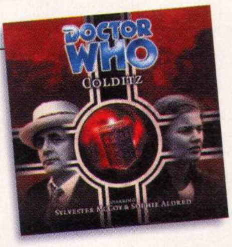

YOU SHOT MY FRIEND!
I AM FELDWEBEL KURTZ. I COMMAND THESE MEN. ON BEHALF OF THE GERMAN REICH, I WELCOME YOU TO YOUR NEW HOME, OFLAG 4C —
— OR, AS IT MAY BE MORE FAMILIAR TO YOU BRITISCHERS —
— COLDITZ CASTLE.

Illustration by Lee Sullivan

Colditz

an audio drama by **Steve Lyons**



Released 22 October [Big Finish]
Featuring The Seventh Doctor and Ace
Enemies The Nazis – but not just the familiar types …
Setting Colditz Castle, October 1944
You'll like this if you like … *The Curse of Fenric, Timewyrm: Exodus, The Great Escape* and, er … *Escape from Colditz*
Listen out for Ace ensuring that someone gets their just desserts

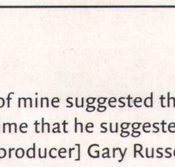
The Doctor Sylvester McCoy
Ace Sophie Aldred
Klein Tracey Childs
Bill Gower Nicholas Young
Julius Schäfer Toby Longworth
Feldwebel Kurtz David Tennant
Timothy Wilkins Peter Rae

Music Toby Richards
Producers Gary Russell & Jason Haigh-Ellery and Jacqueline Rayner
Director Gary Russell

If you were a time traveller and had to land somewhere in Europe during World War Two, Colditz Castle would hardly be top of your list of destinations. There may have been plenty more hellish hotspots than the Third Reich's prison fortress – official name Oflag 4C – but once inside, Colditz is especially difficult to get away from, on account of many of its prisoners being experienced escapees from lower-security camps.

Unfortunately for the Doctor and Ace, the courtyard at Colditz is exactly where the TARDIS takes them, and in no time at all they've been apprehended by the bitter and twisted Feldwebel (Sergeant) Kurtz. It's several months after D-Day, and the Nazi régime is starting to get rattled. They soon join a section of British prisoners, meeting the stiff upper-lipped Gower, immature Wilkins, their relatively humane gaoler Captain Schäfer and the smoothly confident Nazi scientist Klein.

Is the Doctor aware of the trap he's fallen into?



One of these people, however, has been expecting the Doctor, is aware that he is a time traveller, and knows about his TARDIS. Is the Doctor aware of the trap he has fallen into? Does he have a plan of his own this time? Why does Ace's ear for music threaten to rewrite the outcome of the war? And, even if they escape from Colditz, what dreadful dilemma awaits them?

Colditz is the second *Doctor Who* audio from prolific book author Steve Lyons, whose previous Seventh Doctor story, *The Fires of Vulcan*, gained the silver medal position in last year's **DWM** *Awards* poll. As Lyons explains, both ideas arrived simultaneously: "A friend of mine suggested the setting of Colditz at the same time that he suggested Pompeii. I mentioned it to [co-producer] Gary Russell not long after the *Vulcan* recording, and he got back to me a couple of months later to say he could use it."

For the second time, Lyons has taken a historically recognisable, self-contained community and weaved it into the *Doctor Who* format. The major difference being that *Colditz* is far more a 'pseudo-historical' than *Vulcan* was. Had Lyons originally conceived it differently? "I was always very much aware that the story of Colditz had already been made into a TV series and a film and a board game, and I didn't think there was much I could do with a pure historical story that wouldn't seem overly familiar. From the start, I thought I had to give it some sort of a twist to make it different."

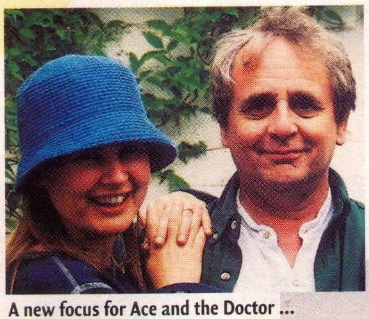
So are any of the characters historically real this time around? "No. This time the events I was writing about were more recent, and it didn't feel right to pretend that I knew the people who lived through them, some of whom are still alive. Instead, I tried to give the impression that my fictional characters could have lived side-by-side with the real prisoners of Colditz."

Hot on the heels of *Project: Twilight*'s vicious Amelia, *Colditz* also features a strong female villain in the shape of Klein, played by former *Howard's Way* star Tracey Childs. However, as Lyons explains, things might have been very different: "Klein was originally going to be male, but I changed him to a her just before I submitted the full outline of the story. This was simply because all the other supporting characters in *Colditz* were male. I didn't have anyone in mind when I wrote the part, although I imagined Klein being quite icy and strident, which is a bit of a cliché for female villains – isn't it? Tracey made her confident in a different way, making her so sure of herself that she could afford to be quite laid-back. She really made the character sound more distinctive than I could have hoped."

Childs herself obviously relishes her chilling role in *Colditz*: "I'm playing a Nazi villainess – which gives away the fact that I'm the baddie, but I think you know that from the beginning – and it's huge fun, just a joy to play a *Doctor Who* baddie! I don't think I can tell you anything else without giving it away, but," she ventures, "she's not necessarily what she seems ..."

"I did actually do a BBC science fiction series in the 1980s called *Captain Zep: Space Detective*," Childs says, recalling her role as Professor Vana in that 'Doctor Whodunnit'-style children's series, "and I have a feeling that doing that may have ruled out doing *Doctor Who* on telly. It was a great disappointment, so it's been a real joy doing this."

Childs isn't the only refugee from a rival telefantasy show paying a visit to Colditz. Nicholas Young, most famous as the stuffy John in 1970s sci-fi classic *The Tomorrow People* is also on hand: "This is my first *Doctor Who* experience as a performer," admits Young, "although when we were *Tomorrow People*-ing we did meet Jon Pertwee for a photo-opportunity down at Teddington studios, all those years ago ..."


A new focus for Ace and the Doctor ...

So what's Young's role in this story? "I'm Flying-Officer Gower," he says, immediately assuming a socially superior set of vowels. "He's one of these chaps who keeps trying to escape and so has been sent to Colditz – a very tough place to get away from. He's trying to fulfil every British officer's duty and try and escape – with some of the chaps of course." It may be Young's first *Doctor Who*, but *Colditz* isn't his first brush with Big Finish. Earlier this year he was reunited with some of his *Tomorrow People* co-stars for an audio revival of the series. Had it seemed strange to pick up a role after so many years? "It wasn't strange at all, actually – it was almost as if we'd done the last episode the previous week. But then if you've done 70 or so episodes, it gets in the brain a bit!"

Rounding off *Colditz*'s impressive cast is respected young actor David Tennant: "I play Feldwebel Kurtz, who is a slightly psychotic soldier – a fairly unreformed Nazi character who isn't too delighted to find the Doctor and Ace trespassing on his patch. As Nazis go, I'm the full-on Third Reich type!" So had Tennant realised he would be playing such an unpleasant character? "Well I did, because Gary said he'd seen me in *Randall & Hopkirk (Deceased)* [Tennant played an insane artist in the first episode of Reeves and Mortimer's revival of the show] and *The Bill* – which are the only two times in my career I've played psychotic killers before. That was his only experience of me – but they are the most interesting parts to play, so it turned out to be quite delightful!"

Indeed, it's hard to associate the ultra-harsh Kurtz with the softly-spoken young Scot. Had he grown up with any experience of *Doctor Who*? "I was a big fan. No – really! I had my knitted scarf which my granny did – and later she knitted me a cricket jumper. I was an obsessive, so this is like a dream come true. *Doctor Who* was a big part of why I decided to become an actor – growing up agog at the genius of Tom Baker. Initially I wanted to be a Time Lord, but as I got older that turned into 'maybe I could be one of the people who pretends to be a Time Lord', and that's what got me into acting. Obviously I appreciate Shakespeare and everything else, but my nucleus is based in long scarves and telephone boxes. Now, getting to be a big nasty guy threatening the Doctor is just fantastic!"

Colditz's setting means a return to the 1940s for the Doctor's assistant, Ace, who first encountered a Nazi nasties in *Silver Nemesis*. How has actress Sophie Aldred enjoyed getting reacquainted? "I very much enjoy the historical stories," she says, "and I also like the way Ace has been written here. She starts off in normal cheeky Ace style, but maybe there's something about Nazis or the 1940s which makes Ace examine herself a bit. Gary Russell and I discussed this beforehand, and he said 'Wouldn't it be interesting if Ace became a little bit different in some way?' and I thought – 'yes, it's about time'. So it's been a good script for me."

Lyons elaborates on the changes that Ace undergoes in the story: "It was quite late in the day that Gary decided he wanted to start moving Ace on from her TV persona. This suited me quite well, because it tied in with some of what I was already doing and gave me a new focus for the character. I suppose that, for anyone in her position, it would be more uncomfortable to witness such real-life, close-to-home horrors than it would be to watch warring robots or somesuch on a world you've never heard of."

It seems that everyone here is delighted to be a part of *Doctor Who*, even if it does involve being locked up, shot at and otherwise abused in the world's most famous prisoner-of-war camp. There is, however, one question still left to ask, given the play's definite 'pseudo historical' label: was Lyons commissioned to include another TARDIS-based time paradox, or is this just the author's trademark? "It was my idea," he laughs, "and, yes, after *Fires of Vulcan* and now this, it's time I did something else! My next *Doctor Who* book will, I promise feature no discussion of time travel whatsoever ..."

Prisoners and gaolers (clockwise from left): McCoy, Tennant, Rae, Longworth, Aldred, Young and Childs

Mark Wyman

Time-Path Indicator

YOUR COMPLETE GUIDE TO THE COMING MONTHS IN *DOCTOR WHO*

OCTOBER

Thursday 18

Non-fiction **Doctor Who: The Scripts – Tom Baker 1974-5** Edited by Justin Richards, Barnaby Harsent & Andrew Pixley BBC Books £18.99

Saturday 20

TV **Doctor Who: Terminus** by Steve Gallagher [Fifth Doctor, Nyssa, Tegan & Turlough] UK Gold

Sunday 21

TV **Doctor Who: Enlightenment** by Barbara Clegg [Fifth Doctor, Tegan & Turlough] UK Gold

Monday 22

Audio drama **Doctor Who: Colditz** by Steve Lyons [Seventh Doctor & Ace] Big Finish

Soundtrack **Doctor Who: The Daleks' Master Plan** by Terry Nation & Dennis Spooner (five-CD set, including **Mission to the Unknown**) [First Doctor, Steven, Katarina & Sara] BBC Radio Collection £29.99

Friday 26

Non-fiction **Doctor Who on Location** by Richard Bignell Reynolds & Hearn £17.95

Saturday 27

TV **Doctor Who: The King's Demons** by Terence Dudley [Fifth Doctor, Tegan & Turlough] UK Gold

Sunday 28

TV **Doctor Who: The Five Doctors** by Terrance Dicks [Fifth Doctor, Tegan & Turlough] UK Gold

NOVEMBER

Saturday 3

TV **Doctor Who: Warriors of the Deep** by Johnny Byrne [Fifth Doctor, Tegan & Turlough] UK Gold

Sunday 4

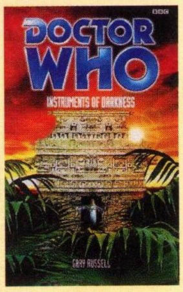
TV **Doctor Who: The Awakening** by Eric Pringle [Fifth Doctor, Tegan & Turlough] UK Gold

Monday 5

Video boxed set **Doctor Who: The Master Limited Edition Tin** (*The Time Monster, Colony in Space*) [Third Doctor, Jo & UNIT] BBC Video £24.99

Novel **Doctor Who: The Adventuress of Henrietta Street** by Lawrence Miles [Eighth Doctor] BBC Books

Novel **Doctor Who: Instruments of Darkness** by Gary Russell [Sixth Doctor, Mel & Evelyn] BBC Books



Saturday 10

TV **Doctor Who: Frontios** by Christopher H Bidmead [Fifth Doctor, Tegan & Turlough] UK Gold

Sunday 11

TV **Doctor Who: Resurrection of the Daleks** by Eric Saward [Fifth Doctor, Tegan and Turlough] UK Gold

Monday 12

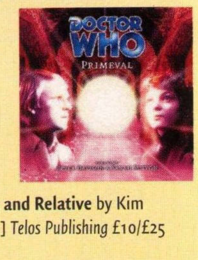
Novel **Professor Bernice Summerfield and the Glass Prison** by Jacqueline Rayner Big Finish £6.99

Thursday 15

DWM 311 on sale

Monday 19

Audio drama **Doctor Who: Primeval** by Lance Parkin [Fifth Doctor & Nyssa] Big Finish



Friday 23

Novella **Doctor Who: Time and Relative** by Kim Newman [First Doctor & Susan] Telos Publishing £10/£25

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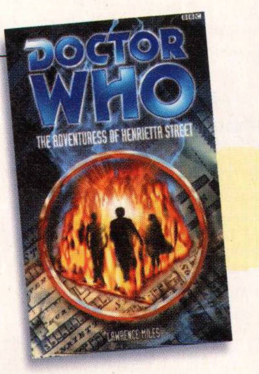
The Adventuress of Henrietta Street

a novel by **Lawrence Miles**



Published 5 November [BBC Books]
Featuring The Eighth Doctor, Fitz and Anji
Enemies Sabbath, whoever he may turn out to be. And some monkeys
Setting Covent Garden, 1782
You'll like this if you like ... Simon Schama's *History of Britain*, Hartnell historicals, *The Infinity Doctors*, *Ghost Light*
Watch out for The rather undignified arrival of Anji and Fitz

Henrietta Street: it's on the Covent Garden side of The Strand, right in the middle of London – within sight of the Houses of Parliament, within touching distance of Trafalgar Square and Piccadilly Circus. But where there are now restaurants, bars and insanely expensive shops, there once was a zoo and a whole slew of brothels and bordellos – where something unknown, primal and visceral, which had already visited France and America, was finally summoned to England ...

"It's typical, really," laments Lawrence Miles. "I can't stand Hollywood, and what are the two big films of the summer? *Planet of the Apes* and *Moulin Rouge*. What have I written? A book about a load of monkeys attacking a brothel. Nobody's going to believe it's a coincidence." What some people might have even more difficulty in believing is that – well, as Smash Hits might have said, he's back ... back ... *back*!!! Lawrence Miles, creator of the range-defining *Alien Bodies* and the outrageously ambitious *Interference* has, despite previous pronouncements to the contrary, returned to the world of *Doctor Who*. But if you want to know why, or what's happened since *Interference* to change his mind, you may be disappointed – it's a subject he's reticent about discussing. "*Interference*," he stresses, "just doesn't cross my mind anymore. I feel like *Adventuress* is part of a completely different universe ..."

What's the Doctor doing in an 18th century brothel?

It may be that *Adventuress* is, at least in part and possibly unconsciously, Miles' attempt to set straight the record on his own views and approach to *Doctor Who*. "I think I've got this horrible reputation for being someone who goes around messing up the continuity just to show off," he says. "I get the feeling that people think of me as being this hairy little goblin who stands naked on top of barstools shouting, 'Nyaah, I'm cleverer than you, I've just deconstructed Time Lord history, so there.' And I'm probably going to get flak again this time, but at the end of the day I didn't write a story about the Doctor staying in a brothel because I wanted to be 'controversial' or because I wanted to 'push the envelope'. I did it because ... Actually, why did I do it? I can't remember ..."

A brothel? Yep. And the Doctor seems to have a beard. And ... well, there are lots of other little things I really can't tell you about – that will be reviewer Matt Michael's job in a couple of months. So, despite Miles' intent, is *Adventuress* going to upset the purists and traditionalists all over again? "What's starting to bother me is that whenever people talk about 'traditional' *Doctor Who*, they always seem to be talking about the 1970s version of the programme, about Tom Baker and sonic screwdrivers and big orange spray-painted monsters. But that was a decade into the series, and really I think a lot got lost on the way. I'm not going to pretend that *Adventuress* was what the production team had in mind in 1963 – actually, it'd probably give Verity Lambert a choking fit – but it does stick to the original shape of the programme, as much as anything written in 2001 ever can. It's got nothing in common with *Terror of the Zygons*, it's true, but it does have quite a lot in common with stories like *The Massacre of St Bartholomew's Eve*. Basically, I wanted it to feel like it was descended from *An Unearthly Child*, rather than from Season Thirteen."

As with some of Miles' earlier work, *Adventuress* again breaks new ground in the presentation of the story – the events of 1782 are laid before the reader almost as an historical treatise. "The trouble is," Miles believes, "*Doctor Who* has never really done history as well as it could. Even apart from the fact that bleeding great monsters keep turning up in the middle of World War Two, the show's version of history was always a bit ... Victorian. You know – the Doctor spends years hanging around little English triumphs like Magna Carta, but it takes him 27 years to bother visiting the birth of human civilisation in Mesopotamia." So *Adventuress* shows more of the big picture? "I wanted to do a book that was about history, which is the same thing I wanted to do with *Christmas on a Rational Planet*, but I was rubbish then so it didn't work. So there are monsters in *Adventuress*, but this time the monsters are part of history more than they are a threat to it.

"Actually, that's probably why I thought it'd be nice to use the brothel. Huge chunks of history have been decided by things that happen in brothels, but because we're so Victorianised we gloss over it all. Like those 19th century biographies of Nelson that cut out all the bits about his affair with Lady Hamilton ... oh, to hell with it, I'll admit it: I'm just obsessed with 18th-century prostitutes." A potentially fascinating obsession which, perhaps, we shouldn't delve too deeply into. Onto safer territory – and, as with *Interference* and *The Burning*, *Adventuress* is a stepping-on point for the range of stories to follow, introducing as it does a new recurring enemy for the series. "Ah... Sabbath," mulls Miles, obviously choosing his words very carefully. "Well ... I wrote him, Justin [Richards, BBC Books range consultant] liked him, and he'll be back later." Is that it? "There's a running theme in 2002's books that now the Time Lords have gone, various other things are in competition to fill up the spaces, and Sabbath's at the heart of things. Theoretically."

Always the caveat – only 'theoretically'? Doesn't he know yet what will materialise? "You've got to remember, I've got no control over these things at all," Miles insists. "It always makes me laugh when people talk about 'the *Interference* arc', because ... there wasn't one, really. All I did was plot out the destiny of Compassion up until *The Shadows of Avalon*. The next thing I know, Romana's gone berserk, Gallifrey's blown up, and the history of the universe has been changed. I just felt like saying, 'Well, don't look at me ...'"

This might lead to the suspicion that, perhaps, the aftermath of *Interference* left a stronger impression on Lawrence Miles than it did on *Doctor Who*, especially given the subsequent 'year zero' revamp of *The Burning* and Miles' own repeated insistence that he is "responsible for a lot less than people think".

"The only evil power I had over [former editor] Stephen Cole," avers Miles, "was the power to drunkenly wander into the foyer of BBC Books and insist on turning the TARDIS into a gibbon, or whatever, until Stephen asked me to leave. And now Justin's the editor, I can't even apply drunken-gibbon pressure, so whatever happens to Sabbath from now on it's ... somebody else's fault." Whether *The Adventuress of Henrietta Street* will be seen in future as the defining moment *Interference* strove so hard to be – or alternatively, as someone's 'fault' – can be yours to decide from November.

DAVID DARLINGTON

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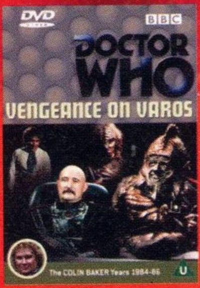

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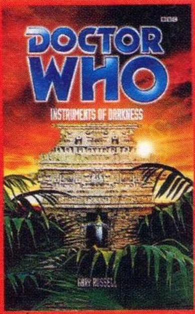

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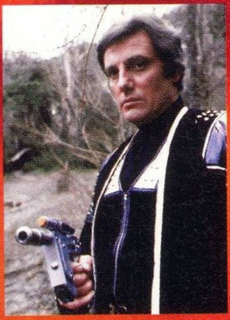

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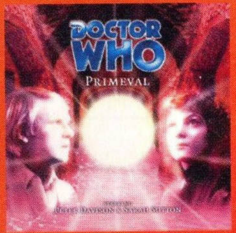

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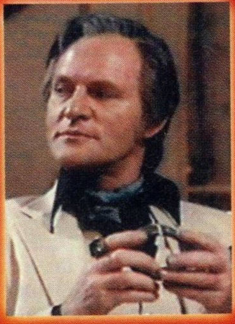

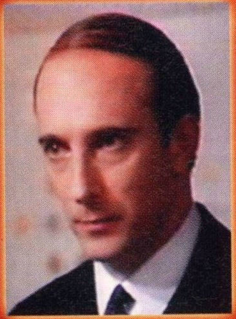

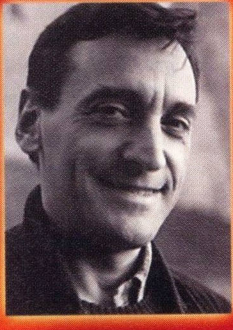

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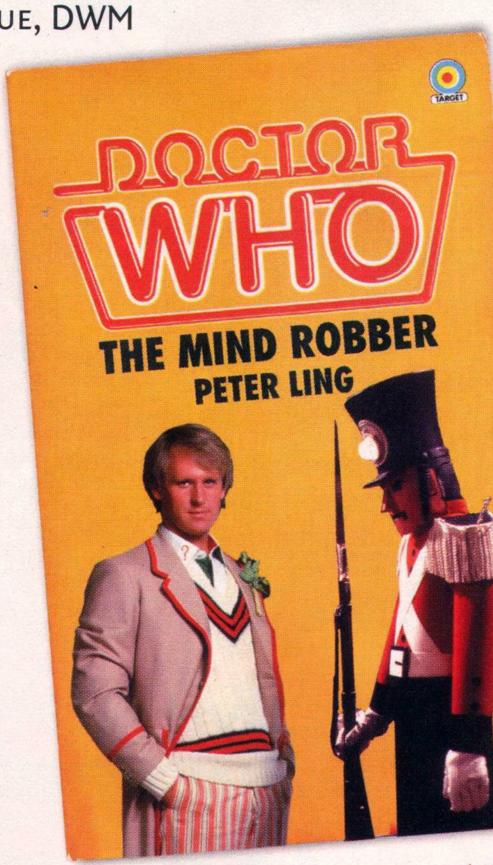
SWAP SHOP

SATURDAY MORNINGS IN THE 1970S BELONGED TO NOEL EDMONDS' POSH PAWS, BUT EARLY SATURDAY EVENINGS MIGHT HAVE BEEN VERY DIFFERENT – IF **MICHAEL HASLETT** HAD HIS WAY, THAT IS ... THIS ISSUE, DWM PLAYS FANTASY *DOCTOR WHO*!

ILLUSTRATIONS: **DARYL JOYCE**



The Doctor stared at the two bare wires in his hand, sweat pouring down his noble brow.

"All I have to do," he began, "is touch these two wires together and it's the end of the Daleks forever."

Peri looked at him intently. "What ... what are you waiting for?" she stammered.

He raised an ironic eyebrow. "This is an important decision, Peri. Do even I have the right to destroy the Daleks? To alter history on such a momentous scale? To commit genocide? Don't rush me!"

Peri considered a moment. Infuriating as the man was, he was right again. She was being morally naïve. "I'm sorry, Doctor. I wasn't thinking. Even you don't have the right to wipe out a whole species just like that. That's a decision too big even for a Time Lord."

The Doctor glared at her, clearly affronted. "Too big? Too big? It's hardly something I'd do without due consideration. In fact, I've been giving it a great deal of thought since the moment we arrived on Skaro. True, it's not something I would usually approve of. But we are talking about the Daleks, after all – and if anyone ought to be blowing up them up, it's me. I can't think why I ever hesitated. The evil swine!"

1

PETER

WANTS SURREALISM

OFFERS 60s-STYLE BAN-THE BOMB MORALISING

"But, Doctor ..."

"There's no time for 'buts', Peri. The Daleks have got it coming. You can't doubt it."

Peri was, in fact, beginning to doubt the Doctor's sanity. "But maybe some things would be better with the Daleks," she ventured. "I don't know. Maybe future worlds will become allies because of ..."

"Never mind all that homespun philosophical balderdash. I'm going to enjoy this!"

At that crucial moment, Gharman came running down the corridor.

"Doctor!" he cried. "The rebellion has been a success. Davros is now our prisoner. We've won!"

"Thank goodness," Peri sighed with relief. "Looks like we've found another solution after all."

"Like hell," the Doctor snarled. "After all the trouble I've gone to, we might as well enjoy the fireworks. And don't think we're going to let Davros off lightly either."

"W-what do you have planned for him?" Peri asked, with not a little trepidation.

The Doctor smiled cryptically. "I think I'm going to throttle the b–"

Freeze frame. Roll credits.

In the television world, and particularly in a programme with as legendarily unique a format as *Doctor Who*, the most influential figures involved in determining a series' creative direction are the producer and script editor. Take a moment to think of your favourite *Doctor Who* story. Got it? Well, imagine that same script, the same actors, the same locations and the same resources, but placed under the guiding influence of another creative pairing. You're likely to find that story interpreted very differently indeed. Would it still be your favourite?

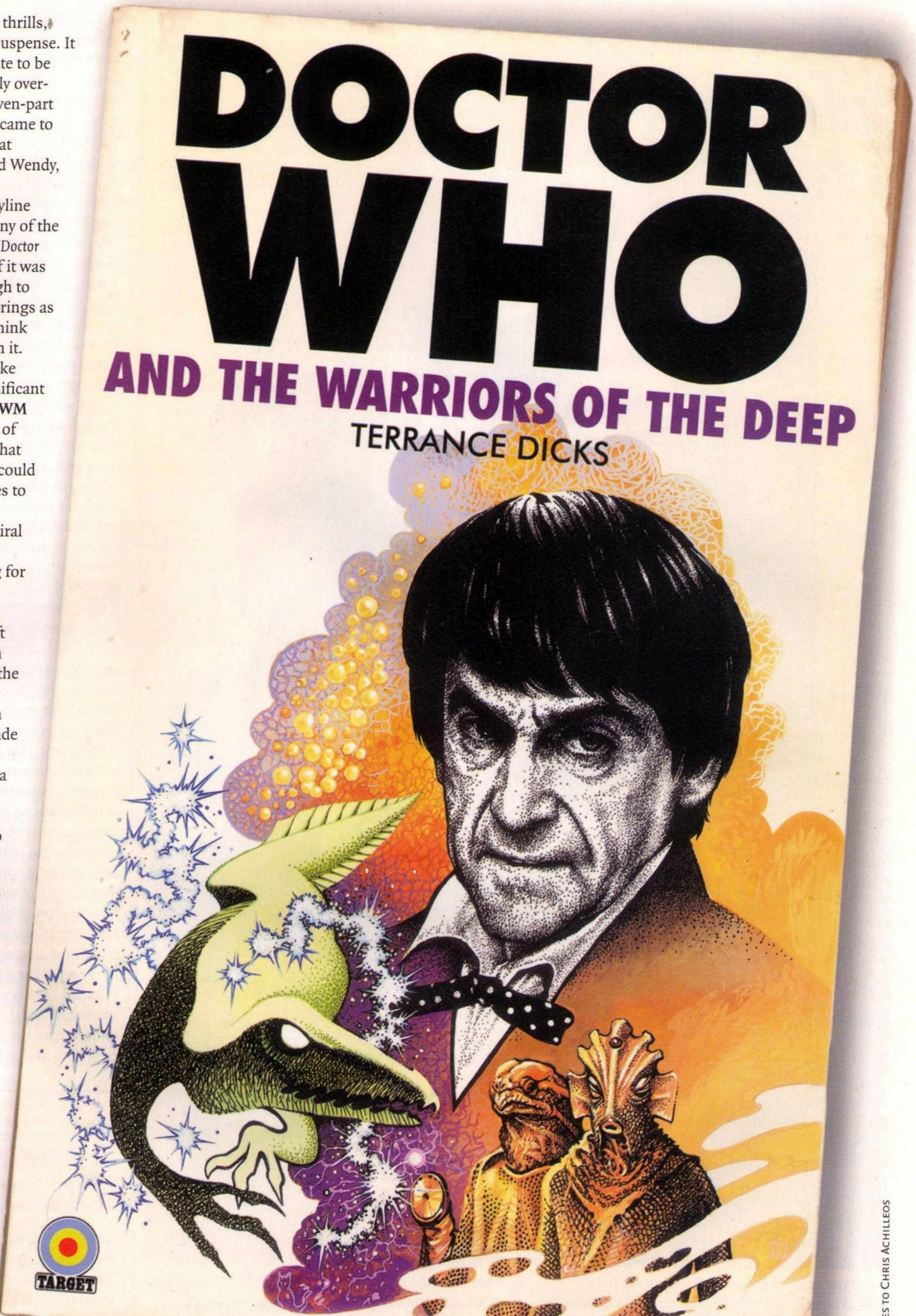
While it is often the writer or director who take the body of the credit for a 'classic' story or a season poll winner, it is the captains of the ship who determine the strategy of the forthcoming season, shape the narratives and opt for a 'house style' they believe will prove most successful. They are instrumental in the creation of many of our favourite stories, and the very idea that someone else could have made them instead fills one with ... well, with more than a little curiosity. What glorious chaos might ensue if one were to toss aside the given order of things, and let stories produced in one season of *Doctor Who* – be they fair or foul – be presented, at great variance, in another?

Of course, regular contributors to the series did not necessarily conform to a single distinctive style throughout their association with the programme. The work of veteran directors such as Michael Briant, Christopher Barry and David Maloney has been radically diverse from one era to the next. And that chap who put his name to *The Krotons* and *The Space Pirates* was surely not the same Robert Holmes who conceived *Spearhead From Space* and *The Deadly Assassin*? It is, you know, but such great strides forward are frequently made after a game of musical chairs in the production office. Would, then, tales beloved of few, such as the gruelling *Planet of the Daleks* or the chronically crass *Time and the Rani*, reveal hidden depths if groomed with loving affection? Conversely, would fan ambrosia such as *The Robots of Death* or *Remembrance of the Daleks* become an low-fat supermarket yoghurt if left to spoil in other, less gifted, hands?

A number of stories, we should not forget, almost *were* made in different eras. The Second Doctor's *Fury From the Deep*, which had been 'on the shelf' for aeons before fulfilling its potential as the definitive claustrophobic creepy, might have made it as a late Hartnell serial, in which event it would have been about as scary as an encounter with the TARDIS Tuner's Turgids. This would not be down to any incompetence, of course, but rather a production directive; the series was simply not allowed to give its audience full-on psychological chills until Pat Troughton had arrived to successfully counter such horrors with an impish smile, a playful wink and a Cyber-bomb up the backside. Clearly, *Fury* was fortunate to find its niche in Season Five. As a Hartnell story, it might have been twee, unconvincing, even anonymous; only with the right ethos, intensity and a sense of total conviction can seaweed make you sweat.

The development of *Doctor Who* has not always seen such clear progression, of course – but, more often than not, stories made in the vanguard of a new and excitingly alternative style have bettered those made in the dying throes of a long-established team. Judging by the innovative Season Seven, it can only be considered a serious advantage for a story to be in the right place at the right time. *The Ambassadors of Death* is a smashing three hours of outrageous stunts, high thrills, murky intrigue and unrelenting suspense. It was, in some respects, unfortunate to be sandwiched between and narrowly overshadowed by two even greater seven-part triumphs – but look how close it came to being a weary Season Six story that everyone, not least Pat, Frazer and Wendy, couldn't wait to finish.

David Whitaker's original storyline seems to have been similar to many of the ideas that were flying around the *Doctor Who* office in the late 1960s, but if it was not considered satisfactory enough to rank alongside such dubious offerings as *The Dominators*, one shudders to think what might have been wrong with it. Uncredited rewriter Malcolm Hulke seems to have been the most significant fresh influence [see the *Archive*, **DWM** 252], but it was really the climate of enthusiasm, energy and interest that made the difference. Although it could not have been the easiest of stories to make, there is a quantum leap in quality between the downward spiral of Troughton's final fling and Pertwee's first foray. Good timing for a belated *Invaders From Mars*.



With apologies to Chris Achilleos

Although the series had left the black and white era in 1970, one might say that the true advent of colour came a year later, since the naturalistic Season Seven might as well have been made in monochrome; rather than fully exploiting the technology, it took a more mature approach. While Season Eight may, in many respects, be considered inferior to its precursor, again it holds true that to be part of a step in a new direction is preferable to trudging over well-worn ground. *Terror of the Autons* testifies to this. As the torch-bearer for its period, it captures an essence that is the Pertwee era, more so than any other story – even the very few better ones. It has a comic book vitality, a pacy rollercoaster quality that casts all reservations to the wind. Moreover, the introduction of the Master, one element a more sophisticated series might have omitted, is especially precious because Roger Delgado never gets a better chance to exhibit all the most arresting facets of the character. Had *Terror* been made in the same vein as *Spearhead*, it would have been merely a pallid rehash. As the Season Eight curtain-raiser, however, it is a brilliantly refreshing departure; an unedifying tale, certainly, but every bit the definitive 'rattling good yarn'.

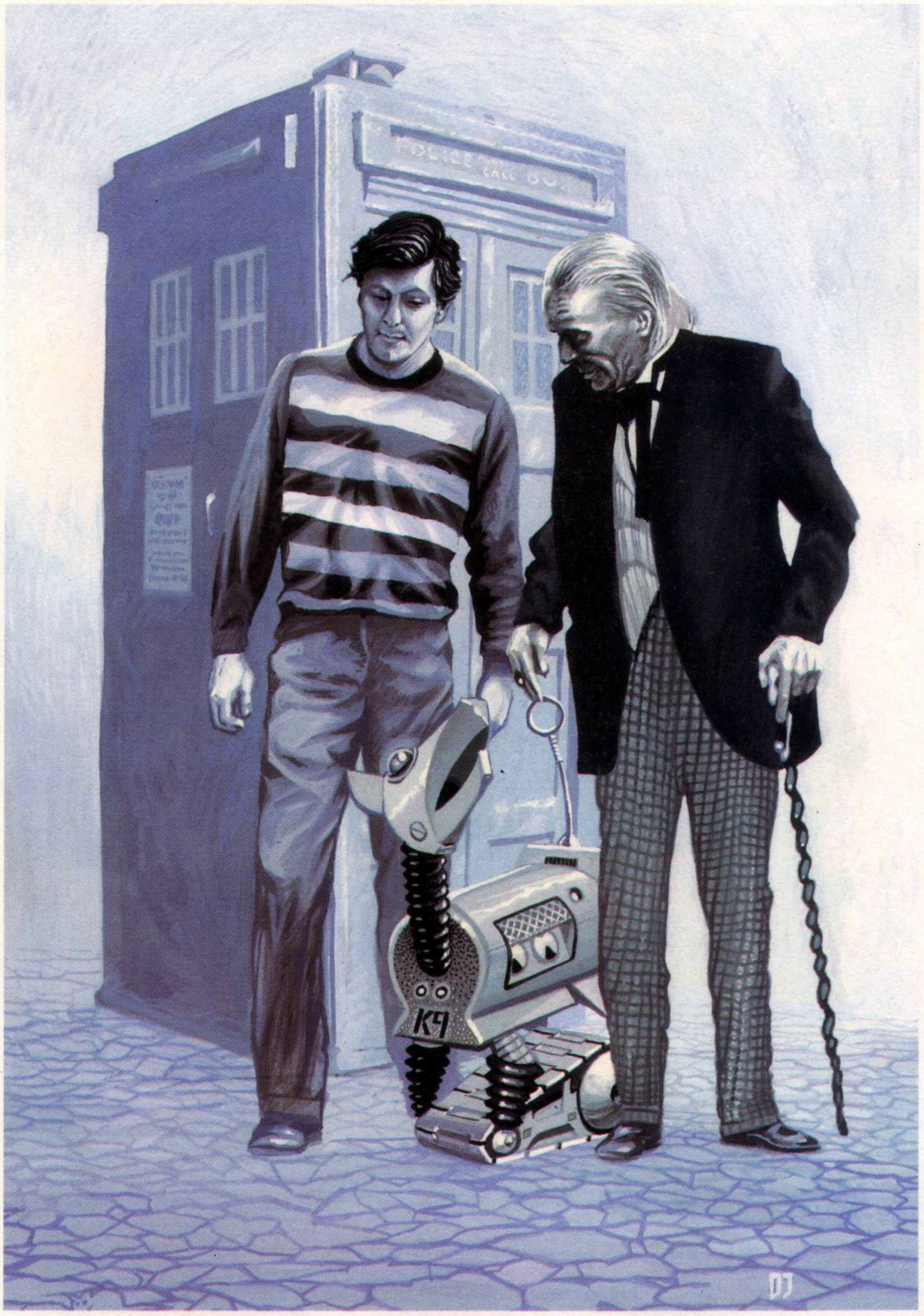
2

PATRICK

WANTS ANOTHER BASE UNDER SIEGE

OFFERS TOY SOLDIERS

But if Season 8 began by diverting *Doctor Who* from the path of complacency, it went on to herald a four-year period that would be more guilty of the offence than maybe any other. All too often, producer Barry Letts and script editor Terrance Dicks, pioneers of so many good things about *Doctor Who*, sought to repeat successful formulae without seeming to make a concerted attempt to exceed them. True, it was Letts who finally vetoed yet another Dalek rehash, suggesting that Terry Nation should write about the creatures' origins instead – but it was surely the input of the incoming production team of Philip Hinchcliffe and Robert Holmes that made *Genesis of the Daleks* so successful. Had the story been a part of a sixth Pertwee season, instead of Tom Baker's first, it's



doubtful there would been such a great emphasis placed on sophisticated characterisation and dialogue, culminating in a fascinating moral dilemma for the Doctor. What's more, there would have been a greater surfeit of hackneyed ingredients (for they are by no means absent even here) and surely nothing approaching the same effort on display. We might still have applauded Michael Wisher's Davros and lapped up Peter Miles' Nyder – but we may, on the other hand, never have noticed these remarkable performances amidst the usual *pot-pourri* of obtuse hotheads destined for martyrdom, banal Dalek dialogue and token homilies from a lofty Doctor. As it stands, *Genesis* is every inch a Tom Baker story, and it works very much better because of it.

Revenge of the Cybermen was also an earlier commission that nearly made it as a Pertwee adventure – under which circumstances one can only imagine it being even worse! Had it not been for the injection of a certain spark and humour from the Doctor/Sarah/Harry trio, *Revenge* might have lost its singular redeeming feature, and it's difficult to believe there would have been anything suitably positive in Season Eleven with which to replace it. One can vividly picture Jon Pertwee waltzing through Nerva Beacon, perhaps dressed in dashing crimson velvet and lilac frills, karate-chopping the entire crew (dead or otherwise) as he goes, and speaking of the Cybermen in low, hushed, ominous tones, not for one moment convincing us he has a clue who they are. Dignity would certainly have prevented him turning Nerva into a white-knuckle ride round the surface of Voga – but, of course, having discovered that gold was inimical to the functioning of the Cybermen, all that jewellery would have come in handy.

Hold it a moment, though. A sixth Pertwee season needn't have been quite so dismally decadent, provided the incoming Hinchcliffe had found his feet fairly rapidly. It's more than likely that – even if the new producer had inherited an old/young leading man, so comfortable in the role he'd taken to wearing diamond-encrusted slippers – he and the already well-ensconced Holmes would have overseen broad changes to the series. And it isn't stretching credulity to imagine television's third Doctor Who enjoying a new lease of life in the mid-1970s – there may have been more daring costume changes and visits to new environments, designed to explore neglected sides of Pertwee's flamboyant gentleman adventurer. After all, most of the places he visited in time and space were quite dull for a man of such panache and charisma; lovely as contemporary England may have been, he of the mighty nose surely deserved a little more variety. Though undoubtedly he had become a little staid and complacent in latter stories, the Third Doctor still had plenty more to offer. If only he'd stuck around to try something new or, indeed, if only a change of management had occurred a little sooner.

The reality, however, was that Pertwee's last four years bore a very uniform motif. You could give his stories a number of good shuffles and very few would look out of place wherever they landed. Tom Baker, however, enjoyed highly diverse styles in his seven years, such that a major displacement of his stories – a cross-hopping of seasons – would engender some interesting, if not always particularly desirable results. One or two, though, nearly did belong in different worlds ...

Even though there was a fair creative leap between *The Horns of Nimon* and *The Leisure Hive*, the time between the two was very brief – and so it must have been with thoughts of crackpot professors, giant unmentionables and Malcolm Terris' underpants that David Fisher would have approached the writing of Season Eighteen's opener. In its full, glossy, unashamedly visual glory, *The Leisure Hive* is the majestic flagship of a brave new era. In fact, not only was it a powerful indication that script editor Christopher H Bidmead and producer John Nathan-Turner had definite plans of their own for the series, it remained the most radically original story of the season. But it conceals a less inventive script, the true origins of which can be found in Fisher's novelisation. Kicking off with an indulgent *Hitchhikers Guide to the Galaxy*-style introduction, it makes for a quirky and entertaining read. If, however, it been realised in this form on television, it would have been predictable and wholly unremarkable; another *City of Death*, only not so clever and without the sightseeing. As it was, the abstract emphasis and peculiar mood disguises the fact that all we're watching is another comical spoof. Here is a story that could only lose if made in another era, such was the lavish splendour accorded to it here, courtesy of one of JN-T's better ideas – employing budget-bothering director Lovett Bickford.

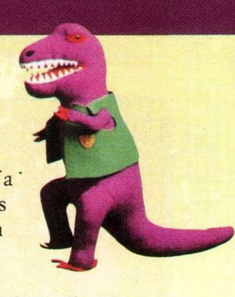
In that same tremendous season, where nothing is disposable, *State of Decay* also intrudes from another era, only far more obviously and without optimum success. *Logopolis* and *Warriors' Gate* show what Bidmead and his new recruits were able to do far better than any of their predecessors, but *State of Decay*, for all its joys and undoubted 'camp vamp' appeal, is foreign territory which they negotiate with uncertainty. There is nothing actually *wrong* with it, and it's not hugely surprising that Terrance Dicks rates it as one of his best scripts, but it never actually draws blood; had it been produced, as first intended, in Season Fifteen as

3

BILLY

WANTS ROBOTIC PET FOR VICKI

OFFERS ASTRAKHAN HAT AND ORMOLU CLOCK



The Vampire Mutations, it may not have been as slick a production, but it would doubtless have been more memorable. Who, after all, could have resisted another visit to the Holmes House of Horror? If your story's about sums or recursive occlusion, leave it to Bidmead – but if it's got fangs in, Robert H is the man you want.

Here, then, is the fun part of all this – where we forget about what *could* have been and tantalise ourselves with thoughts of what *should* have been. After all, a simple change of personnel might have seen great advances in quality for the most mediocre of vehicles. Consider *The Curse of Peladon*. Once it was fabled as a sinister cloak and dagger tale; a spooky Gothic chiller. It is, in fact, about as disturbing as a Hallowe'en edition of *Blue Peter*. And, oh, what a waste, for the material was certainly there: a ghostly manifestation of a mythical monster; a High Priest off his trolley with fervent religious mania; a galaxy of extraordinary aliens who are not all they may at first seem ... All spoiled by a 'kid gloves' mentality that thinks Arcturus is too horrific and the soppy wrestling of stunt artistes who look more suited to competing in the Northern Reserve Ballroom Dancing League of 1972. If only it had been made, for instance, in black and white, with Peter Bryant and Derrick Sherwin at the helm. (Most of us wouldn't have seen it, obviously, but at least it would have been *worth* seeing.)

4

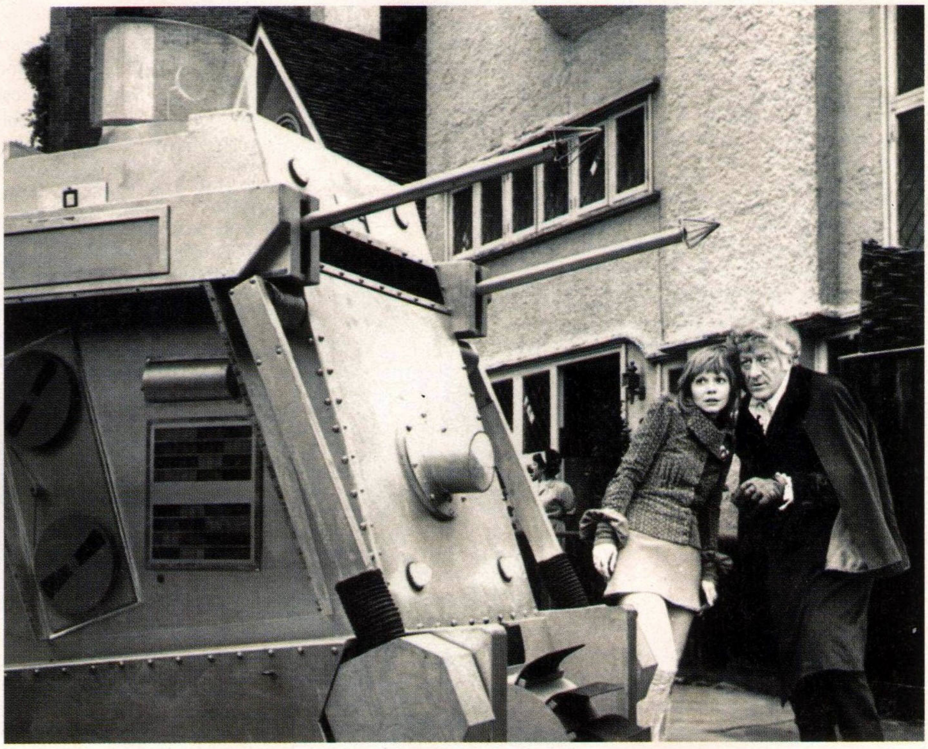
JON	
WANTS MORE EARTH-BASED THREATS (TOOTING BEC?)	**OFFERS** THE MASTER

In the same vein, if we're absolutely honest, *The Dæmons* was very nearly something special, but ultimately wasn't. What's that? Blasphemy? Naturally, we'd all like to think it was worthy of the esteem it is still held in by many. It would, actually, be nice to watch 'the quintessential *Doctor Who* story' – but unfortunately, after a very promising first episode, *The Dæmons* simply isn't it. While it possesses all the ingredients of classic horror, there are only flashes of the genuine article. The story does not always suspend our disbelief, and there is only the merest suggestion of the atmospheric qualities that *The Dæmons* is alleged to exemplify. *Horror of Fang Rock*, *The Brain of Morbius* and *Pyramids of Mars* are all far more stirring, vivid and evocative tales in which you can almost smell the evil. Although everyone involved in *The Dæmons* is very proud of it, some must surely suspect there is less to it than they all once thought. Again, if it had been made in another period – and the Hinchcliffe years spring at once to mind – it may have exceeded our expectations, its true potential having been gaudily realised. Made with all the urgency and passion of a confused octogenarian crossing the road, *The Dæmons* is, alas, not in the Hammer Horror league, or anywhere near it.

Let us dig a little deeper in our search for buried treasure. While opinions may differ even more than production styles, it is, perhaps, fair to say that a number of promising Hartnell adventures are let down by wretchedly poor production values, even by *Doctor Who*'s never entirely satisfactory standards. Admittedly, this probably matters a little more now than it did then, but such deficiencies may undermine serials of otherwise great merit. *Inside the Spaceship* might sustain its very few moments of suspense and fear rather longer with the sharper camera techniques of the late 1960s, and even such notables as *The Dalek Invasion of Earth* are compromised by lapses that would have embarrassed the makers of *Button Moon*. Although *Doctor Who* turned an important corner with *The War Machines*, the story would benefit from the greater authenticity of the Pertwee years, while another ground-breaker, *The Celestial Toymaker*, would appear to be crying out for the mystique and enigmatic touches prevalent under the guidance of Sylvester McCoy-era script guru Andrew Cartmel.

The very best, of course, need not be insulted by the suggestion that they could be improved, but what a treat it would have been to see later *Doctor Who* greats trying their hand at a historical of the quality of *The Aztecs*. No-one, it seems, was keen to take that risk, and given that television, perhaps at the expense of other more languid qualities, has picked up speed quicker than athletes on Nandrolone, they may have made the right decision. While the prospect of a timeless classic like *Marco Polo* being reinterpreted with a larger budget is exciting, would we not risk some of its simple, unspoiled qualities being lost in the translation?

If one were to help oneself to a Hartnell, of course, the compliment would have to be repaid.



The Twin Dilemma may, at first, seem like scant compensation for even the weakest of the First Doctor's stories, but if it had been made in the monochrome age, it would undoubtedly have been a superior production. This sort of risible, *Dr Who Annual*-style hokum was well within the range of John Wiles and his distinguished colleagues, but quite a culture shock for John Nathan-Turner, Eric Saward *et al*. In the 1980s the story was seen for the *Flash Gordon*-inspired pig's breakfast it was, but in the 1960s they could have pulled the whole thing off most agreeably. There might, at least, have been less attention focused on the wardrobe and make-up and a little more time spent on casting more capable performers.

Terror of the Vervoids would have been more appropriate for Hartnell as well, with the First Doctor better able to exhibit the degree of credible authority and the flair for inspired deduction that are the essential qualities of a whodunnit hero. Happily, he was also unlikely to have admitted an association with anyone called 'Tonker' Travers, and the world could certainly do with one less 'I know the Doctor of old' old chestnut. It's equally doubtful that Hartnell would have been persuaded into working out in the gym: "Goodness me, no. There's a job for you, Steven, my boy! Hmmm, yes, indeed!"

The odds would surely have been against Billy deigning to appear in rock 'n' roll story (ain't that a shame!), but Troughton might have really gone for an earlier model of *Delta and the Bannermen*. Clearly, it isn't that far removed from the contemporary feel of *The Faceless Ones* or, for that matter, the psycho-Butlins setting of *The Macra Terror*. At the height of British mop-top pop mania, it would have made for a far more entertaining story than those which were actually provided. As a McCoy serial it was 1950s-based and pleasantly nostalgic; as a Troughton, it could have been 1960s-based and swinging. Admittedly, it's more likely it would have been shamefully out of step, but the music might have been wonderful!

It's a story like *Warriors of the Deep*, continuity fears aside, that would profit most from taking up residence in the Troughton years. Not surprisingly, Johnny Byrne was less than enamoured with the realisation of his last *Who* script, but what did he expect? This was, after all, the 1980s, and the dark, claustrophobic sea-base chiller of his imagination was always more likely to emerge as the bright, capacious swimming baths-filler of his nightmares. Too often, potentially atmospheric pieces have been undone by unsubtle lighting and the unkind precision of the colour camera. Thus, Season Five might also be the obvious home for the insipid *Paradise Towers*; extracts from Bartok and shadowy black and white being more condusive to a sense of menace than Keff McCulloch hand-claps and the United Colours of Benetton.

Of course if any Doctor needs to borrow some good material, it is Colin Baker. Having himself

EXCHANGE AND MART

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MARCO POLO

... STARRING JON PERTWEE OR TOM BAKER?

If there's one historical adventure it would be nice to see in colour – indeed, to see at all – it would surely be this one, so lavish were the costumes and so broad the spectacle.

The 1970s were, of course, renowned for a plethora of classic BBC historical dramas – but, by then, period settings in *Doctor Who* were just a prettier-than-average backdrop for the usual science fiction shenanigans. Make *Marco Polo* in 1976, and Tegana would be in league with an alien intelligence bent on perverting the course of history by assassinating Kublai Khan. Better still, make it in 1972 and the Doctor would soon realise who's really behind everything: "Don't you know your Mongolian, Jo? 'Tegana' is the Mongol word for 'Master'!"

PLANET OF FIRE

... WITH ROGER DELGADO AS THE MASTER?

You may agree that there weren't enough Master stories in Jon Pertwee's middle, dullest season (since he wasn't in absolutely *all* of them). So why not get *The Mutants* to move aside, and fill the gap with a flame from the series' future?

Peter Grimwade's somewhat convoluted Fifth Doctor script would have been suitably simplified by Terrance Dicks, and producer Barry Letts would surely have appreciated the religious subtext. However, even those of us who originally warmed to this sunburned serial might find it a trifle less exotic if filmed in the not-so-volcanic environs of Television Centre – in those days, the Canary Islands were just a place where Jon Pertwee went on holiday.

THE UNDERWATER MENACE

... IN SEASON 17?

Obviously, this switch springs to mind as being more than appropriate. *The Underwater Menace* is notable for its laughs, and it would have been welcomed with open arms by the mirth-minded production team of 1979: Lalla Ward would have been transformed into a fish (Roe-mana?); K9 would undoubtedly sink without trace; and the Tom Baker Doctor's confrontation with the ludicrous Professor Zaroff would be ... well, almost exactly the same as his confrontation with the ludicrous Soldeed.

5	TOM	
	WANTS NOTHING IN ZE WORLD	**OFFERS** JELLY BABIES

Of course, it would have been dreadful and we'd all have hated it. But time would be kind, and now we'd love it in the same ironic way we love the big-screen version of *Bless This House*.

TIME-FLIGHT

... IN THE MID-1970S?

Yes, curious as it may seem, here's a second Peter Grimwade script, and one that most fans would regard as irredeemable. But in 1975, the best director of the 1980s was still negotiating with pop stars for permission to film in their gardens ("That's right Mr Jagger – just a few mummies. Nothing to worry about ...") – but it would have been a most propitious time to charter his first flight of fancy as an author. As Concorde didn't offer a passenger service until 1976, here was an opportunity for *Doctor Who* to be truly ahead of its time.

Of course, we could do without all that nonsense about the Xeraphin and the Plasmatons, but as a Tom Baker/UNIT story, produced with the authentic feel (don't laugh) of *The Android Invasion*, this supersonic serial would definitely have soared higher than it ever did as a Davison.

THE GREATEST SHOW IN THE GALAXY

... IN ALMOST ANY ERA?

An archetypal Sylvester McCoy story, yes – but, in fact, it's a bendy, flexy, have-me-any-way-you-want-me sort of beast. In a different context, it could end up quite unrecognisable from the mysterious grown-up *Play Away* delivered in 1988. Superbly surreal as it was, the story's basic premise and the creepy circus setting could sink or swim in various forms.

As a Philip Hinchcliffe presentation, it would be darker and more horrific, prompting floods of complaints from concerned viewers (of whom there were three times as many in the mid-1970s). Under the influence of Barry Letts it would have been more basic, with a few more pseudo-scientific explanations of what was going on and a good deal more action. In the 1960s, and with Verity Lambert poised to hand over the reins of power, it would all take place in the studio and would probably rival *The Space Museum* for tedium. And, of course, in the Fifth Doctor's time, there would have been far too many companions in the Big Top.

SPEARHEAD FROM SPACE

... STARRING PAUL MCGANN?

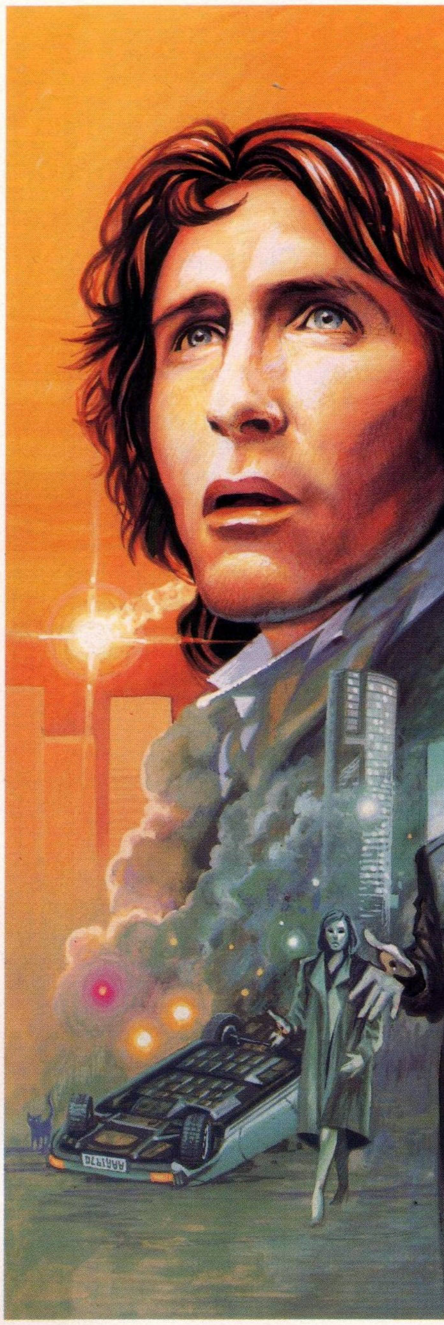
Sadly, one thing the 1996 TV Movie didn't provide was a good story, so how about using an old one? *Spearhead From Space* would be the smartest choice, as it's become the model for all new beginnings – and is, as we all know, both the first and last word in creepy Earthbound authenticity (of the completely unbelievable variety). Good stories don't date, so it's silly to leave them on the shelf.

Substitute Paul McGann for Jon Pertwee (retaining the Doctor's post-regenerative amnesia, obviously) and London for San Francisco, then scrap all that nonsense about clocks and the year 2000 in favour of soldiers, scary Autons and an imminent invasion of Earth. And if that doesn't tempt the Americans away from *Roseanne*, nothing will ...

bemoaned the lack of a really cracking Gothic horor story during his abbreviated era, Baker the second would surely have jumped through hoops for a *Talons of Weng-Chiang* (and, who knows, he may have had to) – but another he'd certainly have excelled in is *The Sun Makers*. With bureaucratic tax collectors as the enemy, the abrasive Sixth Doctor would, for once, have faced an opponent worthy of him. Those of us who baulked at his rude and unpleasant behaviour towards poor old Peri would have found his arrogant bluster and acid wit far more entertaining when directed towards such universally despised targets.

Let's face it, there's no shortage of stories for which Colin could exchange for most of his. Conveniently, you could slot almost any serial into Season 22 (you wouldn't want to, but you could), and the one thing that needn't change drastically is the role the Doctor himself plays in the proceedings. Admittedly, this is true of most seasons, the most obvious exceptions being those which depict McCoy's Seventh Doctor as 'Time's Champion'. Perhaps, to a small degree, *The Invasion of Time* sets a precedent, since here the Doctor initially conceals his true purpose even from his best friends (that's us, naturally) and has a strategy in mind from the outset. On the other hand, though, he's certainly not expecting the Sontarans to gatecrash the party. The idea that the Doctor embarks on an adventure knowing exactly what's going to happen having, in fact, secretly been manipulating events all along, would once have seemed at odds with both his spontaneous nature and the essential spirit of the programme. This, however, is what isolates Seasons Twenty-Five and Twenty-Six from all others.

What, then, if *Snakedance*, for example, were to have been made in 1988 or 1989? One can guarantee that far from being caught on the hop by the Mara's second coming, the Seventh Doctor would have anticipated and planned for just about everything that happens, from its repossession of his companion's mind through to its eventual destruction. Dear old Dojjen would have been surplus to requirements – for while the Fifth Doctor, racing against time, was grateful for his sage wisdom, no old hermit could teach the Seventh anything he didn't already know. More scarily, one can imagine McCoy's Doctor actually *prompting* the Mara's manifestation in the first place, risking his companion's life in the process, simply to bring about its preordained demise. Similarly, *Castrovalva* might sit reasonably well in the final season – only in this instance, it would be the devious Doctor setting the perfect trap for the Master! And, of course, the presence of the Great Intelligence in 1920s Tibet would not have come as any surprise to McCoy, the return of monastery property merely being a canny pretext to take on the masters of the 'Abominable Snowmen' ...



6

PAUL	
WANTS MONSTERS!	**OFFERS** TEMPORAL ORBIT

Well, no thank you. While, there's no telling whether the so-called 'Cartmel master plan' would have enhanced these stories or not, one would soon miss Davison's innocence or Troughton's bewilderment had our favourite Time Lord always been portrayed as an omnipotent super-being pulling all the strings.

If one really had the power to dabble with the framework of *Doctor Who*, however tempting it sounds – giving the First Doctor his own computerised pet, nicknamed 'K9' by a delighted Vicki; having the Fifth Doctor, Tegan and Nyssa battling Ice Warriors on the Moon; sending the Sixth Doctor and Peri down into Victorian sewers; occupying the Fourth Doctor in a cheerful encounter with Vorg and Shirna – one might hesitate before exercising it. To wrest stories from their rightful owners is as likely to leave them bereft of their secret charms as it is to endow them with superior attributes. Wouldn't any story suffer if commissioned for the directionless Season 24? Aren't some rather quaint Hartnell adventures specifically designed to be made on the cheap? And, if you dare, consider *Logopolis*, Tom Baker's final funereal bow, in the hands of Douglas Adams and Graham Williams. It would have been about as sombre and haunting as a story in which none of the cast wore trousers.

This, of course, is why the idea of remaking past *Doctor Who* adventures is less than appealing. Advances in technology may make it possible to produce *The Evil of the Daleks* on an appropriately epic scale, but should we welcome the opportunity to have yesterday's classics transformed into today's (arguably inferior) concept of popular television? Since today's medium cannot match the BBC's half-century old production of 1984 for sheer impact, one doubts it can hope to supercede the very best of *Doctor Who*'s yesterdays. So, please, no pestering the BBC to remake *An Unearthly Child* with Billie Piper, or *The Seeds of Doom* with the cast of *Ground Force*, alright? It's on a hypothetical basis only that the idea still has an allure.

So turn your own thoughts to the concept. Which season, after all, is too good to take in an extra *Robots of Death*? Which so bad that it can't turn down another *Timelash*? Make your own choice. Play 'Fantasy *Doctor Who*'! But beware the consequences of your decisions. Sure, you might make *The Space Museum* a piece worth preserving, but you could turn *The War Games* into *It's a Knockout* ...

The man who sold the world

BOO! HISS! **KEVIN STONEY** PLAYED THE TWO GREATEST *DOCTOR WHO* VILLAINS OF THE 1960S. THIS AUTUMN, THE BBC RADIO COLLECTION BRING BACK COSMIC QUISLING MAVIC CHEN IN A SPECIAL *DALEKS' MASTER PLAN* CD SET – BUT, HE SAYS, HE WON'T UNDERSTAND A WORD OF IT ...

The Daleks' Master Plan: Chen with Zephon. © BBC Radio Collection

"You need to be rather good-looking to be cast as a leading man," proclaims Kevin Stoney, "so I only ever played priests and villains! The villains were the best. I got more noticed playing villains than I ever did anything else ..."

Kevin was cast as Mavic Chen, the supposedly benign Guardian of the Solar System in league with an alien alliance, in Season Three epic *The Daleks' Master Plan*. "I'd just done a television," he says, "in which I'd had a very showy role as an Italian film director. Dougie [Douglas] Camfield had seen me in it – and so he approached me to play a part in one of his *Doctor Whos*. Hmm ... Wasn't it shown on Saturday afternoons in those days? One isn't in at that time! I hadn't ever seen the show, I'm afraid ...

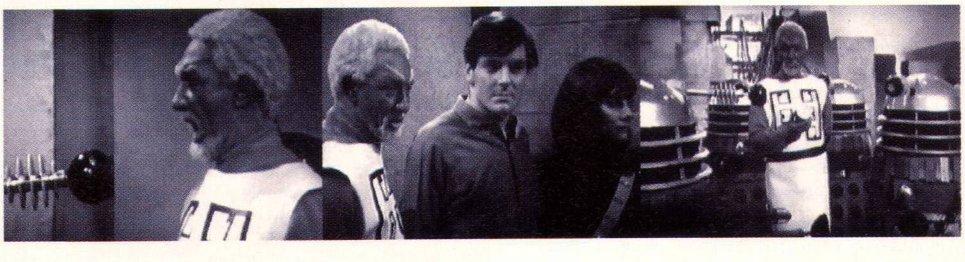
"I think Dougie had a free reign to do what he wanted, so it was settled that I would play Mavic Chen – or 'Maar-vic' Chen, as we used to call him! But then, when I read the script, I couldn't make head or tail of it! I didn't understand all this 'Exterminate' jargon. It had the feeling of a pantomime sketch, but one for which you didn't have your tongue in cheek. You had to take it seriously." Kevin pauses, suspensefully. "Did I actually talk to the Daleks? I did, didn't I! Hmm ... Did the Daleks speak back? They had very funny staccato voices and – oh yes! – I remember the actor who did it ... Was it Peter Hawkins? He voiced all the Daleks, didn't he? It was part of his repertoire. But I didn't have very many lines ... Chen didn't have any lieutenants, as it were, so I was nearly always talking to myself in single shot! Dougie shot it to give me a certain prominence, but there was nothing much to say ..."

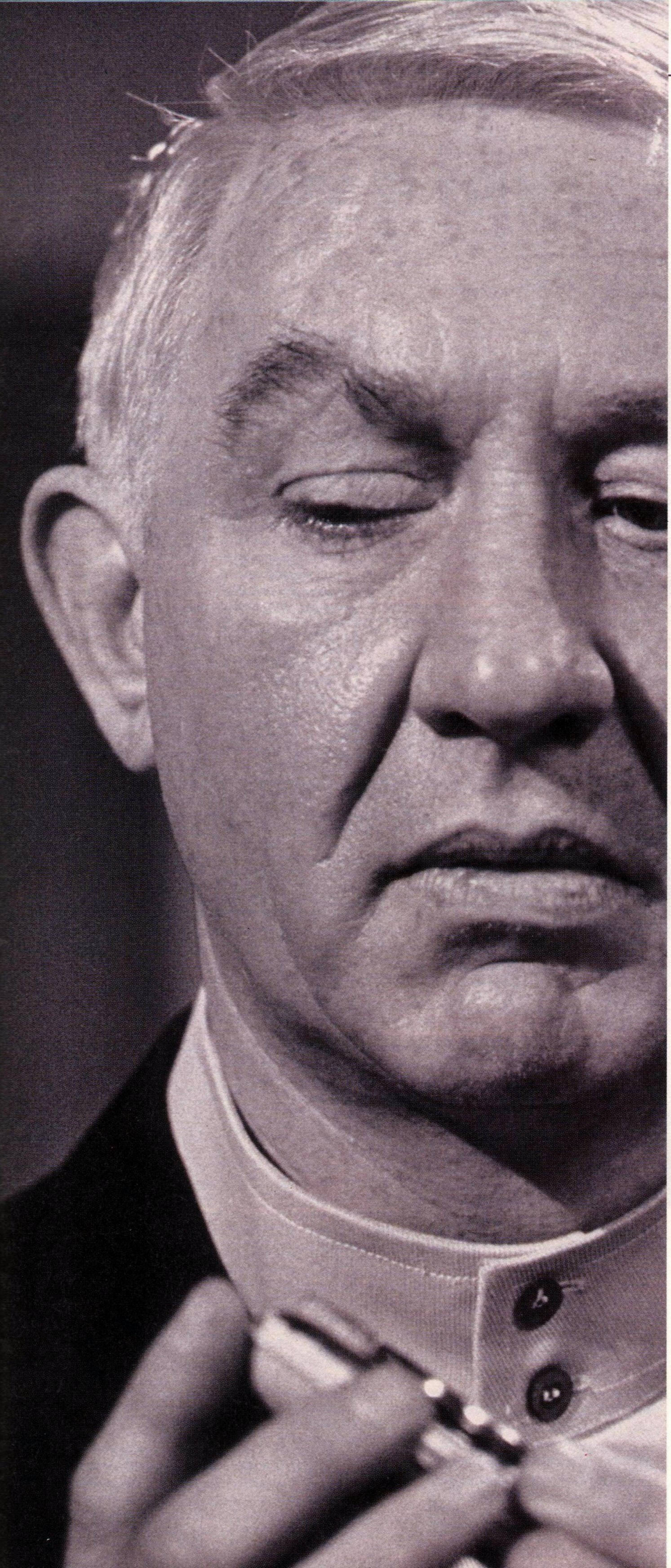
The actor has nothing but praise for Camfield, one of *Doctor Who*'s most prestigious directors: "Dougie was an awfully nice man," enthuses Kevin. "You got to know the director very well on *Doctor Who*. The producer just attended the read-through and the technical rehearsal, but we were working with the director every day. I think Dougie probably said: 'You're going a bit over the top, Kevin! Calm it down a bit!' Or he might have even said: 'Come on! Put something into the part!' Actors need to be reminded; they can get lazy. We often need to be reminded that we aren't always coming over in the way that we imagine. Or we're not putting enough horsepower into it! The key to television acting is not to act natural but to act being natural – and there is a difference! If you just act natural, well, it'll come over as a bland non-performance. You've said the lines, but you haven't meant very much. I hope that by indulging myself in the part, I added some sort of depth to my character. Hmm ... The act of indulgence can be an enormous waste of time ...

"I seem to remember that *Doctor Who* was shot rather hurriedly ... I was always amazed at how Dougie made such snap decisions. He had very little time. When something went wrong, Dougie would find some way to get round it – and one of the extraordinary things about Dougie was that, even though he had the gun at his head the whole time, he was able to produce such very good material. He was working under restricted conditions."

Conditions that were, apparently, made much easier by the lead actor. "Bill Hartnell was a true professional," reckons Kevin. "He knew all of his lines and he knew his cameras ... We were all green compared to Bill. He knew his stuff. I can't remember any occasion that he was difficult. He was always very easy-going, I thought, and a magnificently disciplined actor. He would show his irritation if people weren't doing their job properly – or if he felt that they weren't doing their job properly – but it didn't last. It was all over in five or ten minutes – no animosity or anger carried forward. I don't know what went through his mind."

Of the other "very nice people" working on *Doctor Who* at that time: "Peter Butterworth [the Monk] was a marvellous chap. I remember what an amusing man he was. He was a well-known pantomime dame, wasn't he? He had a varied career. Jean Marsh [Sara Kingdom] and Peter Purves [Steven] have also done terribly well for themselves ... Jean Marsh appeared in *Upstairs Downstairs*, didn't she? And Peter Purves has made a name for himself as a television presenter. It was obvious that they both got on





very well. Those parts, when you're playing the juvenile assistant ... They aren't always good parts. You're there for the action, sure, and that's important – but *you're* not, really! People were more interested in the conflict between the Doctor and the villain.

"Even in those days," chuckles Kevin, "I had quite a lot of grey hair! So, even to play my own age, my hair was occasionally darkened! Sonia Markham was the make-up supervisor on *The Daleks' Master Plan*, wasn't she? A lot of the make-ups on *Doctor Who* were wonderful; mine was a very good one. She made a beautiful job of it. *Doctor Who* didn't have much money, you see, but quite a proportion of the budget must have been spent on make-up! I remember my nails, for instance ... I was given very long nails." Was the beard Kevin's own? "No, it wasn't. My make-up took a long time. Actually, I think what took a long time was getting my eyes ... I think they put something-or-other round my eyes that drew the skin back to give that sort-of Oriental look. I'm sure that the make-up wasn't too uncomfortable, but it was a time-consuming process."

At Christmas 1965, the *Daily Express* named Mavic Chen the 'Villain of the Year' ... "I didn't get an award," insists Kevin, "and it was only the opinion of the *Daily Express*! It wasn't exactly an Oscar!" Kevin is feigning modesty. Probably. "I think my mother saw it first – or maybe it was my sister ... 'Congratulations,' she said, 'you're "Villain of the Year"!' I said: 'Who claimed that then?' She said: 'The *Daily Express*.' I said: 'Oh.' It's nice when people say nice things about you, I suppose, but if *The Guardian* or *The Times* had indulged in that sort of journalese ... well, they would probably have picked someone completely different! For all I know, the *Daily Express* journalist may have put it down in fun. I can't remember. Hmm ... I wouldn't know anyway. I didn't know any journalists ..."

'I can't follow science fiction. I'm just not on the right wavelength!'

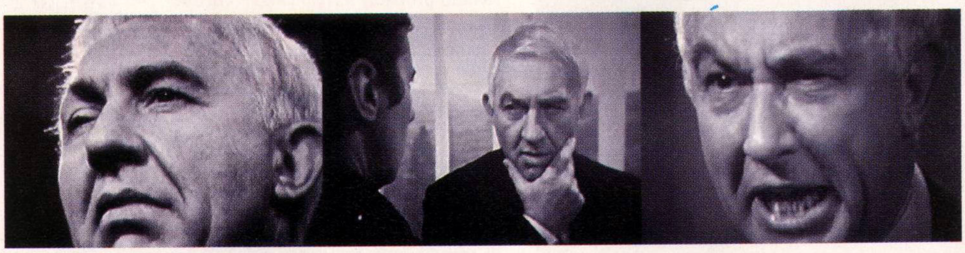
Kevin's triumph as a traitor to humanity prompted his second casting in *Doctor Who*. "Dougie offered me another part," he recalls. "I'd been performing in a play called *Close the Coalhouse Door*. We went up to Newcastle and rehearsed up there for three weeks – and then, at the end of our three or four-week run, the whole thing was televised. The news then came through that we were going to be transferred to the West End, so I was intending to go with the others to London." Kevin was then offered the role of a part-converted human entrepreneur in 1968 Cyber-classic, *The Invasion* ...

"When I read the script, I though that Tobias Vaughn on the page was a much better part than Mavic Chen had been. There were one or two very nice lines. It was a very good villain part. He had everything ... He had charm, he had fun ... He was a swine! He was utterly ruthless! I couldn't do both the play and the television, so I pulled out of the West End show in order to play

***The Invasion*: The Doctor (Patrick Troughton) and Tobias Vaughn (Kevin Stoney) on the run from the Cybermen.** © BBC

Tobias Vaughn. I think I made the right decision, even though *Close the Coalhouse Door* did rather well in London."

The Invasion reunited Kevin with his *Master Plan* co-star, Nicholas Courtney ... "I hadn't actually realised that Nick wasn't a regular at the time of the Dalek story. That was his first *Doctor Who*, was it? Hmm ... I think Nick's sister was at the same drama school as I was at, immediately after the War. I think I was leaving at the time she arrived." And how did Patrick Troughton compare to his immediate predecessor? "Bill and Pat were completely different people," comments Kevin. "Pat was an enchanting chap – and he was about my age, whereas Bill had been a bit older, I think. I was born in 1921. I'd met Pat before, you know, but we weren't exactly friends. We were acquaintances. We had mutual friends – and I think we'd probably drunk in the same bars! Bill Hartnell was a hard act to follow. Yes, I'd quite forgotten how very Chaplinesque Pat was ...



"In fact, you've been pointing out to me that these *Doctor Whos* weren't live," laughs Kevin, "but I honestly thought that they were. I remember filming Mavic Chen's death scene at Ealing Studios. Chen was shot up on scaffolding somewhere – and that was all done at Ealing. I think one or two or Tobias Vaughn's scenes were shot at Ealing too.

"I also remember shooting some of *The Invasion* in that rather posh square opposite Harrods. I was heckled by one dreadful woman ... 'Why don't you smile?' she shouted. 'Why do you look so serious?'"

Some years later, Kevin worked with the Mondas monstrosities for a second time ... or did he? "I can't picture what you're telling me. I'm sorry – I've completely forgotten!" Kevin was cast as a Vogan named Tyrum in 1975's *Revenge of the Cybermen*. "I was an alien? Was I a baddie?" Tyrum was a well-behaved alien. "Oh, really? I didn't have much to do, did I? Wasn't I a sort-of town councillor? Or a town administrator? Er ... What did a Cyberman look like?"

> **'Tobias Vaughn was a much better part than Chen. He was a swine!'**

Five minutes later, Kevin is keenly eying the cover for the six-episode BBC Video release of *The Invasion*. "Is this a Cyberman here? Hmm ... You can't see their faces, can you? They were like divers. Ooh, rather outré! Cybermen and Daleks are quite different, aren't they? It's all an awfully long time ago." Has Kevin never seen any of his *Doctor Who* episodes, then? "No, I haven't. I've been busy working. I have a video player, as you can see, but I'd be obliged if you would tell me how to work it! I may have worked with lots of scientific equipment on *Doctor Who*, but I can't for the life of me work my own video machine! You have to pull a spool out or something, don't you? I only know how to use a television set because you just sort-of press a button ..."

Luckily, Kevin has some clearer memories of the show's leading actor at the time, Tom Baker. "He was a very interesting man. He's still working these days, I'm glad to see. At that time, let's face it, it became important for each actor to do something different with the role of the Doctor. You couldn't copy the one before! Didn't Tom have a scarf or a deerstalker hat? Yes, he was a brilliant man – very different to Pat and to Bill. Tom was an easy-going sort of chap. And I remember David Collings was cast in it too! I worked with David in Chichester in 1989. We were in the same play together. I think that was the first time I'd played with him since *Doctor Who* ..."

Kevin died in 1985. "No, I didn't die!" Allegedly. "I hadn't passed away at all," he protests, "but a *Doctor Who* fan magazine printed my obituary! They printed a very nice photograph – and someone had written some nice things about me! Someone rang me and said, 'Do you know, they think you're dead?' I didn't want it to get around – or I might not have got any work. Hmm ... I think it was because my wife died in the July of that year. I have a feeling that the journalist in question heard a snippet of a conversation, hearing 'death' and 'Kevin Stoney' in the same sentence, and jumped to conclusions – but, as Mark Twain once said, 'Reports of my death have been greatly exaggerated!'"

To show the world that he wasn't in any way not alive, Kevin soon after attended his first *Doctor Who* convention. "I went along just to prove that it was all a mistake," he continues. "I know that *Doctor Who* has a great following. People like yourselves are very well acquainted with its history. It's amazing: it hasn't been made for over ten years, but still people are interested in it. It's quite unique. Exceptional! I can't think of any other programme that has been quite so popular. It amazes me. I didn't even really understand the stories ...

"*Doctor Who* was never something that I could savour or relish. I find science fiction all so ... I can't follow the mechanical processes of science fiction. I'm completely unable to see any reality in it. I'm just not on the right wavelength." Would he ever return to *Doctor Who*, if the call came? "A few years ago," he states, "I might still have passed as Mavic Chen, but I'm now way past my sell-by date!"

Original interview by
Rick Brindell, Derek Handley *and* **Dean Rose**
Transcribed by **Benjamin Cook**

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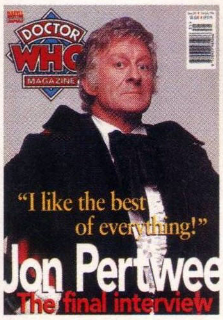
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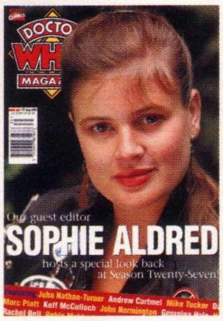
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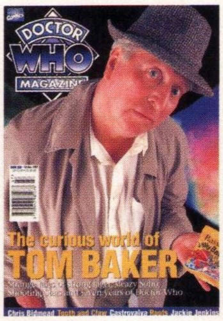
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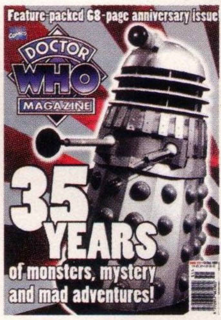
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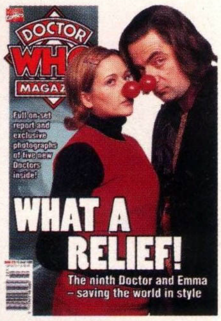
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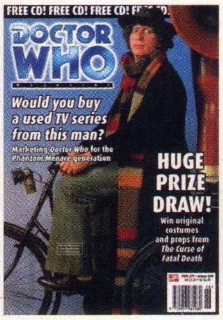
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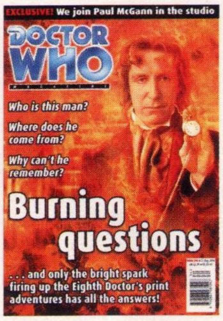
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CHAPTER THREE

Private investigations

In which the *New Adventures* books delve ever deeper into the Doctor's psyche – and team him up with a rather famous consulting detective. David J Howe clues us in ...

Towards the end of 1992, with the fiction department at Virgin Publishing expanding, editor Peter Darvill-Evans was joined by editorial secretary Kerri Sharp – and, a month or so later, by editorial assistant Rebecca ('Bex') Levene. Part of the reason for this was that the *Doctor Who New Adventures* books had moved to a monthly schedule, but also that Virgin was gearing up to publish a new strand of erotic fiction to complement its popular *Nexus* range, a line called *Black Lace* – erotic fiction written by women for women. Sharp was quickly promoted to editor of the *Black Lace* titles, while Levene joined Darvill-Evans on the *New Adventures*.

"I was working in the House of Commons as a personal assistant and researcher for Dr David Clark, who at the time was the shadow agriculture minister," explains Levene. "I worked for him up to the 1992 election which Labour spectacularly lost. David Clark then wrote a history of his local Labour party, which I edited for him – which is how I got some editing experience – while hunting around trying to find another job. It took me ages, and I'd been to several failed interviews, before I saw the advert in *The Guardian* for the job at Virgin which looked ideal – copy editor for *Doctor Who* and erotica. It was the *Doctor Who* that attracted me, I hasten to add! I loved *Doctor Who* as a kid. I collected all the Target books but I drifted away from it at college – I stopped watching around the time of *The Trial of a Time Lord* – and didn't pick it up again until the end of the McCoy era, when people at college were saying it had actually got quite good again. I was never really a fan in that I never did anything other than watch it occasionally. I hadn't even heard about the Virgin novels until I got the interview for the job, at which point I went out and bought as many as I could find and very quickly read them before the interview. I was quite taken aback at how good they were. I hadn't imagined that there might be something like that out there ...

"I liked the books a lot. I felt they were designed to appeal to me as an adult in the same way as the show had appealed to me as a child. I liked the fact that they weren't exactly like the show, but felt true to the spirit of it. I found them exciting – *Timewyrm: Revelation*, for example. The emotional depth and truth in that was something you never found in the TV show. Much as I loved it, it never made me cry as some of the books did. You don't really care too deeply about characters on television, but books don't work that way – they can't just work on spectacle and breezy humour because they last a lot longer and require a lot more commitment from the reader. I thought what Peter had done with the *New Adventures* really addressed the challenge of how you take a TV series and turn it into a range of books. I don't think any other TV tie-in range has done that so well.

"My first job was to collate the proofs of *Transit*, and *The Highest Science* was the first title I copy-edited – correcting grammar, spelling and sense. A copy editor doesn't usually ask for changes to the plot or structure, that's the desk editor's job. It was a gradual transition, really. The first book I desk-edited was *Tragedy Day*, but it had been commissioned by Peter. The first book that I commissioned myself was, I think, *Parasite*."

1993 saw Virgin launch not only the *Black Lace* books, but also a range of original novels based on the popular *2000 AD* comic character Judge Dredd, a series of books based on the Sega gaming hero Sonic the Hedgehog, and the first of Virgin's non-*Doctor Who* episode guides – a book on sci-fi comedy *Red Dwarf* by Chris Howarth and Steve Lyons. (Wildly successful, this was reprinted several times and spawned a series of 'unofficial' paperback guides to series as diverse as *Buffy The Vampire Slayer* and *Friends*.) *Black Lace* was also a major success for the company – and, with an eye on increasing workloads (the *Doctor Who Missing Adventures* titles were on the horizon), another person joined the team in the form of Andy Bodle, acting as editorial assistant to Levene and Sharp.

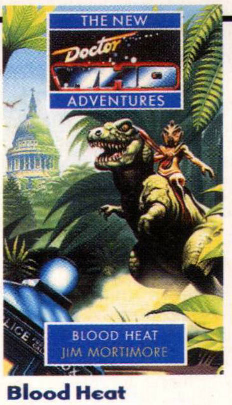
As 1993 drew to a close, so the *New Adventures* range began another story arc. This time it was the loosely themed 'alternative universe cycle' beginning with Jim Mortimore's *Blood Heat* (illustrated by fan artist Tim Keable), and continuing through *The Dimension Riders* (by Daniel Blythe), *The Left-handed Hummingbird* (Kate Orman) and *Conundrum* (Steve Lyons) before reaching a conclusion in Paul Cornell's *No Future* (originally titled *Anarchy in the UK*) – in which it was revealed that the upsetting of history has been the work of the First Doctor's old sparring partner, the Monk, here given the name 'Mortimus'.

Reviewers seemed to appreciate these books, which won many favourable comments. *TV Zone*'s Andrew Martin enjoyed *Blood Heat* – "The pace never lets up, and there is always a feeling of wanting to know what happens next" – and felt that *The Dimension Riders* was "one of the best-written novels to date". He did, however, express concern regarding Orman's contribution, feeling that although the books were becoming more sophisticated, "it could be argued that the resultant loss of innocence is taking things too far from the naïve charm of the television series" – and had some harsh words about *No Future*: "the storyline is complex, featuring the usual cod-psychology and wearisome New Age sub-PC bollocks ... although the continuity references are well-integrated with the plot, it is this sort of emphasis which will keep the *New Adventures* within the bounds of fan fiction, rather than mainstream SF."

Writing in *DWB*, Dave Owen was also taken with *Blood Heat*, citing a number of impressive set pieces "that remain etched on the memory long after putting the book down – the Silurian airships gliding in to attack, Ace and Manisha finding the Doctor's tomb, the sight of the TARDIS in the corner of UNIT HQ, unused for 20 years. Most of all, the image of a horde of pterosaur-borne Silurians flying through the night, their presence marked by the red glow of their third eye."

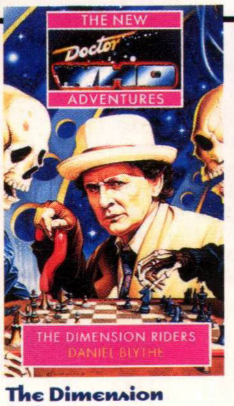
Those New Adventures covers in full!

Trying to collect the set from secondhand stores? Month by month, this handy visual guide will help bring the entire Virgin range to life! All first British editions are shown, plus the month they were first published, original price, (w)riter and (a)rtist. This issue: October 1993 to January 1996.



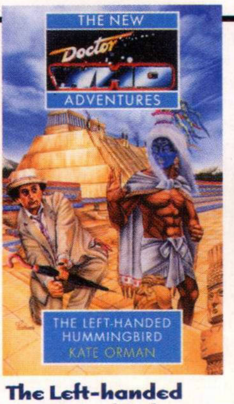
Blood Heat

10/93 £4.50
w Jim Mortimore
a Jeff Cummins



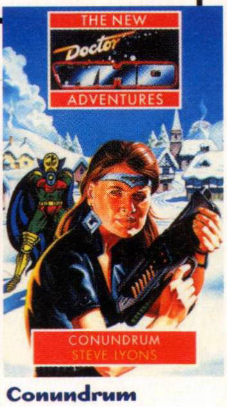
The Dimension Riders

11/93 £4.50
w Daniel Blythe
a Jeff Cummins



The Left-handed Hummingbird

12/93 £4.50
w Kate Orman
a Pete Wallbank



Conundrum

01/94 £4.99
w Steve Lyons
a Jeff Cummins

Facing page: *The New Doctor Who Adventures: All-Consuming Fire* – jacket by Jeff Cummins

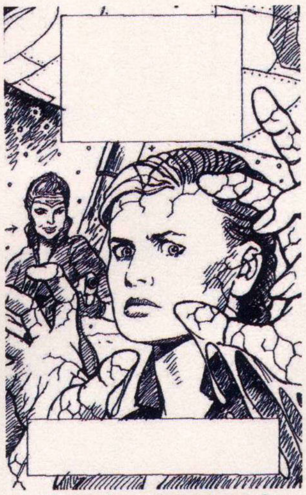
Anthony Brown enjoyed *The Left-handed Hummingbird*, describing it as "a book which continually strikes the breath from your throat, as yet another outrageous idea hits home. It's a book so packed with continuity as to be fanboyish – if any of it was obtrusive. It's a book in which the Doctor can take LSD, gush blood and be more vulnerable than he been since about 1984 without anyone batting an eyelid ... perhaps the best *New Adventure* I've ever read." Keith Topping. meanwhile, greatly admired *Conundrum*: "It has more gumption and a hell of a lot more imagination than 90 per cent of the *New Adventures* output ... Buy this, because you might never find another quite like it."

Over in **Doctor Who Magazine**, Craig Hinton thought that *The Dimension Riders* was "wonderful. Blythe has a confidence and flair of writing that makes every page a joy to read." He also relished *The Left-handed Hummingbird*, calling it "the most adult *New Adventure* yet, and the most gripping. This is how they should be taking risks while telling a damn good story." *Conundrum* was likewise praised, Hinton listing some of the things he liked: "Things to watch out for: Ace being attacked by flying *New Adventures* novels, John and Gillian from the TV *Comic* strip, the Dreadlox from Marvel's *Professor Gamble* strip, Benny and the Batcave ..." *No Future*, however, was found sorely lacking: "Paul's once innovative style of writing – street-cred cyberpunk – now seems stale and dated, and, dare I say it, too clever by half ... a disappointment and a retrograde step. And it has the worst *New Adventures* cover ever."

Despite the criticism that the *New Adventures* were glorified fan fiction, Darvill-Evans recognised that

'I felt that the New Adventures were designed to appeal to me as an adult in the same way that the TV show had appealed to me as a child'

the fan base, and ideas from that arena, were very important to the range. He wanted the authors, including newcomers like Daniel Blythe, Steve Lyons and Kate Orman, to discuss their work together and add new layers to it, fuelled by their enthusiasm and knowledge as fans of both the TV series and the books. "We always encouraged the authors to talk to each other," he recalls, "and I know a lot of them met up at a monthly pub gathering in London ... There they would exchange ideas, and although I rarely went along, these meetings helped in the development of both our fiction and non-fiction. Some authors started going along after they had their first book published by us, while others were talking by telephone or on the Internet."

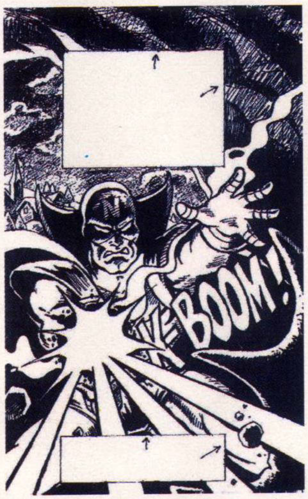

Cracking: early rough for *Theatre of War*

Kate Orman had been active in Australian fandom for some years before *The Left-handed Hummingbird* was accepted; she ended up being both the only female and the only non-British writer to contribute to the range. *The Left-handed Hummingbird* revolved around Aztec legends: "It began as a short story for a fanzine, which is intact in the book as chapter 12. I liked [the televised *Doctor Who* adventure] *The Aztecs* and a friend of mine wanted me to use the *Titanic*, so they both went in. And I thought of the villain while standing about in a bookshop in Sydney." As a part of her research, Orman located a book, *Pre-Columban Literatures of Mexico*, which contained some ancient Aztec poetry. She contacted the publishers asking for permission to quote from it, but when Virgin received the details, they commented back to Orman that "$2.50 a line seems a bit exorbitant to us. How about making up some of your own in the similar style?" As Orman was responsible for clearing and paying for such things herself, she duly arranged for permission to use one poem, which appears on page 42 of the finished book.

'It was a struggle sometimes to find anything suitable for publication'

As with his previous novel, *Lucifer Rising*, Jim Mortimore arranged to paint the cover to *Blood Heat* himself. However, after several sketches and a completed painting, Virgin was not happy with the piece – and passed the project over to artist Jeff Cummins, who completed, in record time, a painting based on one of Mortimore's sketches. Cummins had painted some of the covers to the Target *Doctor Who* novelisations in the 1970s (including *Doctor Who and the Face of Evil*, *Doctor Who and the Talons of Weng-Chiang* and *Doctor Who and the Mutants*). He was one of a few artists who had worked on the Targets to return for the *New Adventures*; Bill Donohoe (*Doctor Who and the Cybermen* and *Doctor Who and the Enemy of the World*) and Tony Masero (*Doctor Who and the Reign of Terror*, *Doctor Who and the Romans*) would also be used. (Early in 1993, I had contacted many of the Target artists regarding a celebratory *Doctor Who* book to be illustrated with their original cover artwork; several of them had expressed their desire to work on *Doctor Who* again, and had samples passed on to Darvill-Evans.)

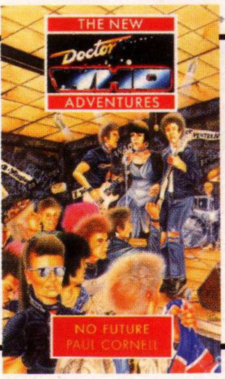
In February 1994, Darvill-Evans and Levene revamped the *Writer's Guidelines* document which had been created by Darvill-Evans as a means of communicating to any interested writers the sort of thing they were looking for. The *Guidelines* included basic writers' information, but also a 'Universal Background for *Doctor Who* Stories' that sketched in some of the details of the *New Adventures* Universe, including: an ancient Gallifrey ruled by a female priesthood; the hero Rassilon, one of a political triumvirate including Omega and 'the Other' (who, it is stated, is *not* the Doctor); and the fall of the Time Lords (due to a genetic nano-technological bug) among a vast amount of Gallifrey-related detail. A further six pages laid out what to avoid and what to include in submissions. Overall, the document ran to 41 pages, and some writers were understandably put off when faced with such a challenge. Along the way, Darvill-Evans identified the key titles in the range so far: *Timewyrm: Exodus* (author Terrance Dicks "knows more about *Doctor Who* storytelling than anyone else"); *Cat's Cradle: Warhead* ("an example of how the *New Adventures* can use non-traditional writing styles"; *Love and War* ("the introduction of Bernice Summerfield"; *Transit* ("an example of how far the novel medium can take *Doctor Who*"); and *Deceit* ("written by me. Nuff said"). "When Bex started at Virgin," says Darvill-Evans now, "I asked her to use *Deceit* as a benchmark for submissions – as in my opinion, anything that was better than *Deceit* was probably worth considering. I considered the book to be a minimum standard for a *Doctor Who* novel rather than one of the greatest entries in the range."



Jeff Cummins' first sketch for *Conundrum*

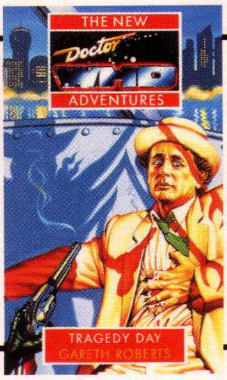
With the conclusion of the 'alternative history cycle', the books continued during 1994 as a range of stand-alone adventures. The titles published were: *Tragedy Day* (Gareth Roberts), *Legacy* (Gary Russell), *Theatre of War* (Justin Richards), *All-consuming Fire* (Andy Lane, with internal illustrations by Mike Nicholson), *Blood Harvest* (Terrance Dicks), *Strange England* (Simon Messingham), *First Frontier* (David A McIntee), *St Anthony's Fire* (Mark Gatiss), *Falls the Shadow* (Daniel O'Mahony) and *Parasite* (Jim Mortimore, originally titled *Book of Shadows*). Darvill-Evans' policy of encouraging new writers was paying dividends. Publishing their first books here were Russell (then editor of **DWM**), Richards, Messingham and O'Mahoney, while Roberts, Lane, McIntee, Gatiss and Mortimore all returned with new works. The range had, it seemed, found a core of writing talent which could keep it going indefinitely.

Two of these titles drew on other areas of literature for their inspiration: Richards' *Theatre of War* was inspired by and featured William Shakespeare's play *Hamlet*, while *All-consuming Fire* was presented as an adventure of Arthur Conan Doyle's fictional British detective Sherlock Holmes, written by Dr Watson and featuring *Strand Magazine*-style internal illustrations. Drawing on Darvill-Evans' desire to introduce new companions into the range, Lane suggested that a character called Tir Ram from his novel might become a companion, and produced a three-page character outline in August 1993. Ultimately, although Tir Ram appears in *All-consuming Fire*, he was not used for further adventures. "Andy Lane was always very prolific with ideas," says Darvill-Evans. "Unfortunately this meant that we had to turn him down an awful lot. That happens. We had



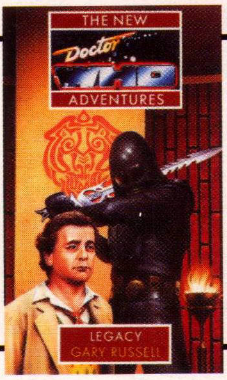
No Future

02/94 £4.99
w Paul Cornell
a Pete Wallbank



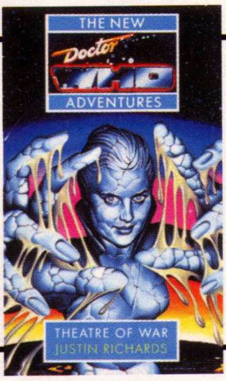
Tragedy Day

03/94 £4.99
w Gareth Roberts
a Jeff Cummins



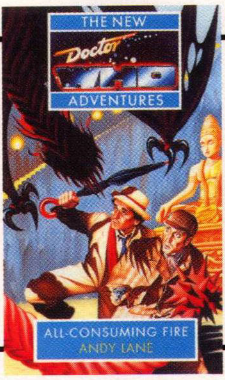
Legacy

04/94 £4.99
w Gary Russell
a Peter Elson



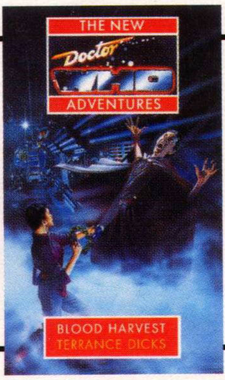
Theatre of War

05/94 £4.99
w Justin Richards
a Jeff Cummins



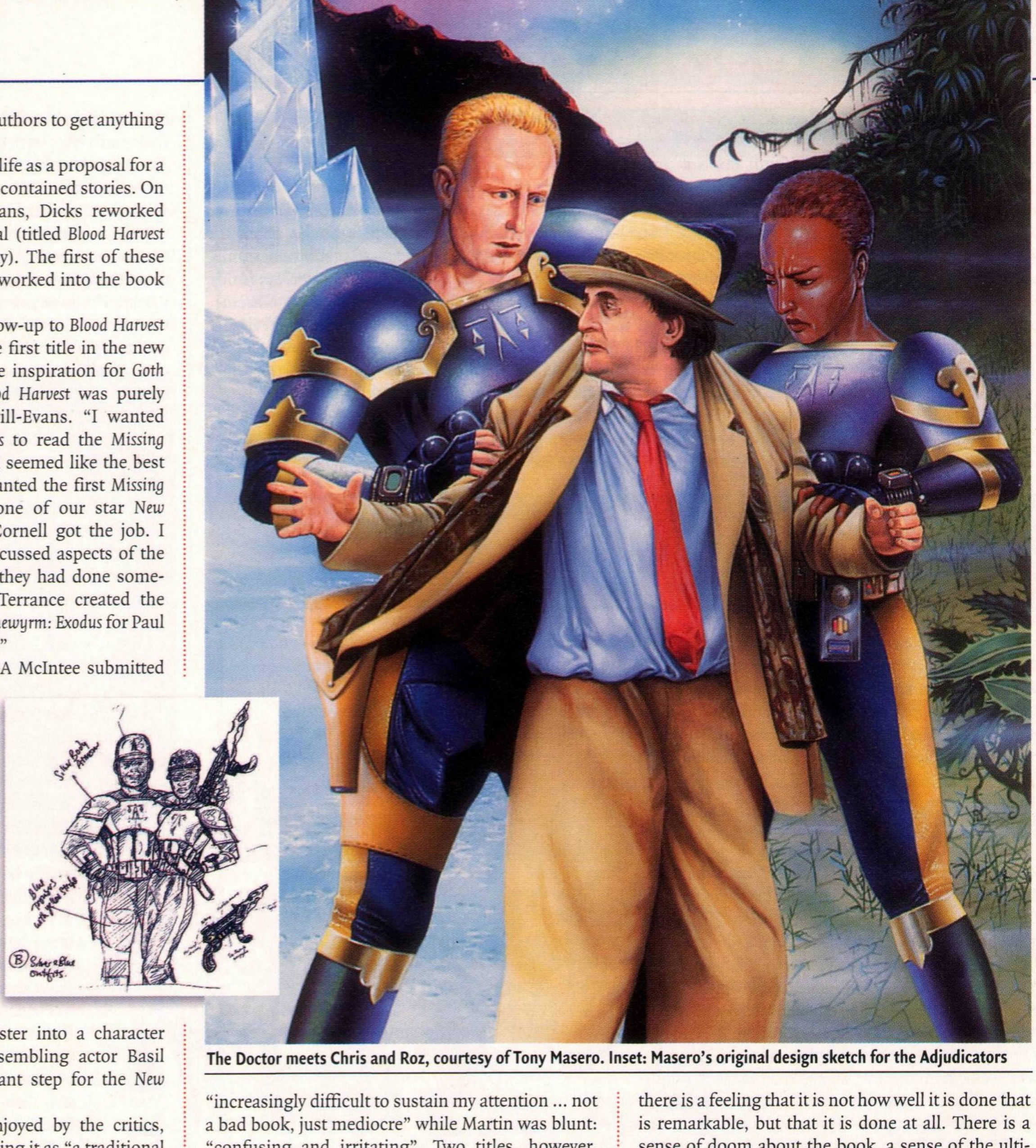
All-consuming Fire

06/94 £4.99
w Andy Lane
a Jeff Cummins



Blood Harvest

07/94 £4.99
w Terrance Dicks
a Bill Donohoe



The Doctor meets Chris and Roz, courtesy of Tony Masero. Inset: Masero's original design sketch for the Adjudicators

to really squeeze some other authors to get anything out of them at all."

Dicks' *Blood Harvest* started life as a proposal for a single book, holding two self-contained stories. On the suggestion of Darvill-Evans, Dicks reworked this into a two-book proposal (titled *Blood Harvest* and *Vampire Planet* respectively). The first of these was then commissioned and worked into the book as eventually published.

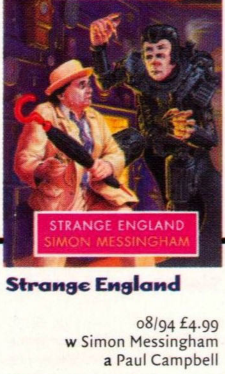
There was, however, a follow-up to *Blood Harvest* in the form of *Goth Opera*, the first title in the new *Missing Adventures* series. "The inspiration for *Goth Opera* being a sequel to *Blood Harvest* was purely commercial," explains Darvill-Evans. "I wanted readers of the *New Adventures* to read the *Missing Adventures* as well, so a sequel seemed like the best way to achieve that. I also wanted the first *Missing Adventure* to be written by one of our star *New Adventures* authors, so Paul Cornell got the job. I believe Terrance and Paul discussed aspects of the stories together, and indeed they had done something similar before when Terrance created the character of Hemmings in *Timewyrm: Exodus* for Paul to use in *Timewyrm: Revelation*."

Before *First Frontier*, David A McIntee submitted several ideas, including one entitled *Dying Time* and another called *Sidhral*, the latter of which bears more than a passing similarity to McIntee's 1999 novel for the BBC's *Doctor Who* range, *Autumn Mist* (in fact, several ideas submitted to and rejected by Virgin eventually became BBC novels, including John Peel's *War of the Daleks* and Steve Lyons' *The Witch Hunters*). *First Frontier* featured the return and regeneration of the Master into a character described by McIntee as resembling actor Basil Rathbone – another significant step for the *New Adventures*.

The book was broadly enjoyed by the critics, *DWB*'s John Molyneux describing it as "a traditional action runaround as good *Who* frequently is, but with an extra maturity which raises it above the simply banal and superficial" while Andrew Martin in *TV Zone* found it "captivating ... as someone remarks, it's all a bit like a Bond film, which is probably what makes *First Frontier* such an enjoyable romp" a point echoed by Craig Hinton in **DWM** when he commented "a full-blooded homage to those wonderfully kitsch films of the 1950s."

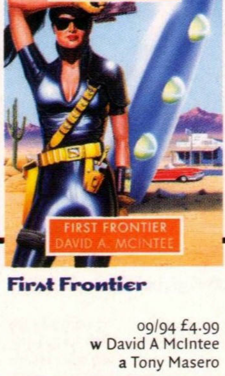
The books this year generally gained many good comments. Both Andrew Martin (in *TV Zone*) and Craig Hinton (in **DWM**) enjoyed most of them. One exception was *Strange England* which Hinton found "increasingly difficult to sustain my attention ... not a bad book, just mediocre" while Martin was blunt: "confusing and irritating". Two titles, however, received a mixed reception. *St Anthony's Fire* was enjoyed by Hinton who liked the characters and found it to be "compellingly written" although, by the same token, he also found it "dull". Martin, however commented that it was "worthwhile and diligent". *Parasite* managed to split opinion admirably. Anthony Clark, writing in *Dreamwatch*, disliked it: "If you're the sort of person who likes bland, two-dimensional characters served up in a truly ludicrous plot with pretensions of epic grandeur and a pinch of mystic gibberish for flavouring, then this is the book for you." On the other hand, Martin found it "all very impressive, but there is a feeling that it is not how well it is done that is remarkable, but that it is done at all. There is a sense of doom about the book, a sense of the ultimate hopelessness of mortality, and the inconclusive ending serves to reinforce the notion that nothing in life is ever as over as you'd like to think it is ..." Hinton was more succinct, describing it as "a first-rate science fiction novel."

1994's new cover artists included Paul Campbell (*Strange England, St Anthony's Fire, Parasite*) and Kevin Jenkins (*Falls the Shadow*). Jenkins was one of the first artists to use computer imaging; his recent work includes covers for Harry Turtledove's *World War* series and Tom Arden's *Orokon* novels. Paul Campbell initially submitted several black and white images of Sylvester McCoy's face to Virgin which



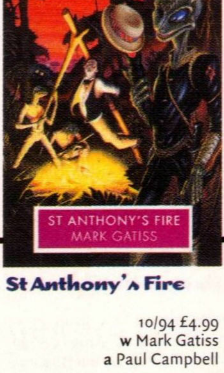
Strange England

08/94 £4.99
w Simon Messingham
a Paul Campbell



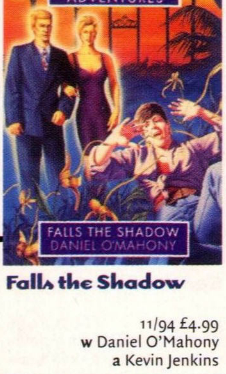
First Frontier

09/94 £4.99
w David A McIntee
a Tony Masero



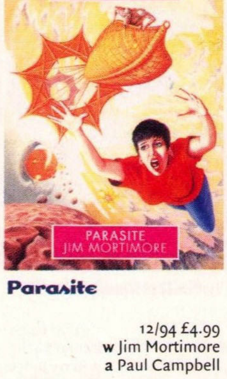
St Anthony's Fire

10/94 £4.99
w Mark Gatiss
a Paul Campbell



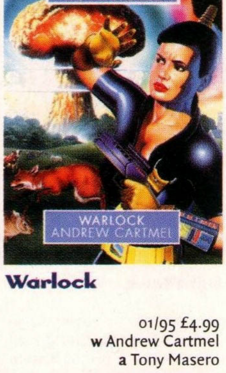
Falls the Shadow

11/94 £4.99
w Daniel O'Mahony
a Kevin Jenkins



Parasite

12/94 £4.99
w Jim Mortimore
a Paul Campbell



Warlock

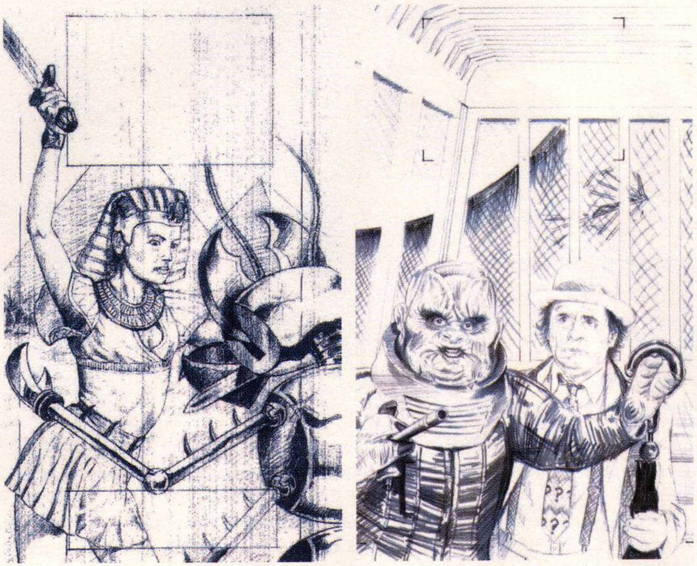
01/95 £4.99
w Andrew Cartmel
a Tony Masero

Darvill-Evans liked – and, as a result, commissioned Campbell to paint *Strange England*. Campbell went on to contribute extensively to both the *New* and *Missing Adventures*.

The following year, 1995, was to see the first significant change to the *New Adventures* since Ace matured and Bernice joined.

"I think I wanted rid of Ace more than Peter did," muses Levene. "We were both a bit tired of her. The intention had been for Ace to get rid of all her teenage angst by leaving for a period, and then Peter would bring her back in *Deceit* as an older and wiser person. What ended up happening, however, was that she had more angst than ever and became a very dull character. I never thought she worked when she came back. I was never happy with her. We did give notes to the writers to not emphasise the angst but somehow it never sunk in. She became even more one-dimensional which was the opposite of what we wanted. Paul Cornell, on the other hand, had created a brilliant, rounded character in Bernice. The other writers had picked her up and run with her, and Ace suffered by comparison. I couldn't bring myself to care about her, and I had cared about her in the original books and the series – we had lost that. Also, the more characters you have, the more cluttered the story becomes and the less freedom you have, and so that was a benefit too. I think we might have had a meeting with the authors about getting rid of her – and Kate, I think, suggested that she'd like to write her out. As we'd loved *The Left-handed Hummingbird*, which was a very character-led book, we thought that this would be a good idea. Kate came up with a nice setting and she just went for it."

'How would our readers empathise with an old, alcoholic tramp?'



Masero's rough for *Set Piece* (note Ace's headgear) and Alister Pearson's *Shakedown* tryout

Ace's swansong came in *Set Piece*, published in February 1995. Orman had visited England in the latter half of 1993 and met up with Darvill-Evans and Levene, and this indirectly led to her being commissioned to write Ace out. Orman's initial 11-page outline was entitled *Faust Forward*; Levene prepared two pages of notes, suggesting how it might be improved. On one thing, Levene was determined: "Ace needs to go out with a bang," she wrote. The book went by the title *Butterfly Wings* for a time before reverting to *Set Piece*.

The books published in 1995 were: *Warlock* (by Andrew Cartmel, originally titled *Warlord*), *Set Piece* (Kate Orman, with an afterword by Ace actress Sophie Aldred), *Infinite Requiem* (Daniel Blythe), *Sanctuary* (David A McIntee, originally titled *The Quality of Mercy*), *Human Nature* (Paul Cornell, from a plot by Cornell and Kate Orman), *Original Sin* (Andy Lane, with internal illustrations by Tony Masero), *Sky Pirates!* (Dave Stone, originally titled *The Eyes of the Schirron*, internal illustrations by Roger Langridge), *Zamper* (Gareth Roberts), *Toy Soldiers* (Paul Leonard, real name Paul Hinder, and originally titled *Toy Solstice*), *Head Games* (Steve Lyons), *The Also People* (Ben Aaronovitch, originally titled *That Which Does Not Kill Us*) and *Shakedown* (Terrance Dicks, based on his script for a Doctor-less independently-produced video drama and featuring a photographic section from the video plus an introduction by Jason Haigh-Ellery and Gary Leigh, the video's associate and executive producers).

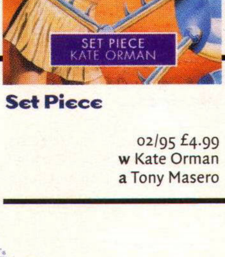
Once more the majority of authors had already contributed to the range, and newcomers Dave Stone and Paul Leonard were already known to the editorial team. "We'd found a core of good authors," explains Levene, "and in any fan group there's only going to be so many who can actually write novels – I think we'd pretty much found them all." Despite this, Darvill-Evans, Levene and Bodle re-issued the *Writers' Guidelines* in June 1995, reducing the length to 35 pages, simplifying the series background, and including a section on the *Missing Adventures*. The recommended titles for anyone wanting to contribute to the range now read: *Timewyrm: Exodus*, *Transit*, *First Frontier* ("a fine demonstration of how to use an old enemy"), *Warlock* ("a good sci-fi story outside the traditional *Who* style'"), *Set Piece* ("Kate's compelling writing style is a good example to everyone"), *Human Nature* ("an excellent character-led story that manages to stretch the boundaries of the genre") and *Original Sin* ("a good, solid sci-fi adventure").

"To be honest," says Levene, "once the *Missing Adventures* started there were so many books we had to commission each month that it was a struggle sometimes to find anything that was suitable. We didn't have enough time. The plates were constantly spinning and you didn't have time to step back and think what design of plate you wanted, just any plate would do as long as it would spin. This was why there were no pre-determined story arcs in that period. It was just too hard to make that work.

"When we did have arcs, it was difficult not to be too prescriptive with authors. We didn't want to keep giving them ideas, otherwise we might as well have been writing the books ourselves. We wanted them to come to us with ideas and then once they had the idea, we didn't want to have to twist it too much to make it fit a series. In fact, when the arcs did come along it tended to be because we'd received a cluster of ideas which could be fitted neatly together, then we'd tweak them a bit to make them fit."

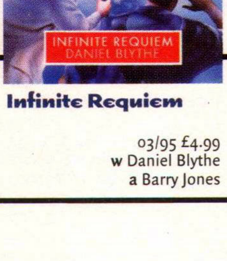
Having written Ace out on the basis that the TARDIS was a little crowded, it was something of a surprise that *Original Sin* by Andy Lane introduced two new characters to travel with the Doctor and Bernice.

"It wasn't our initial intention to introduce two characters," protests Levene. "In the first version of *Original Sin*, there was an older tramp character who was going to be the new companion. Andy and I had talked about it and thought it would be a good idea to have a character who was actually fatherly towards the Doctor, who seems older than him." This was 'Old Tom', a tramp whose real name was Thomas Acheson. As with Tir Ram, Lane produced a character outline which suggested that writers might like to seek out George Orwell's *Down and Out in Paris and London* for the day-to-day realities of living on the streets, and also Samuel Beckett's *Waiting for Godot* for the archetypal



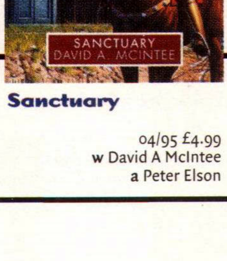
Set Piece

02/95 £4.99
w Kate Orman
a Tony Masero



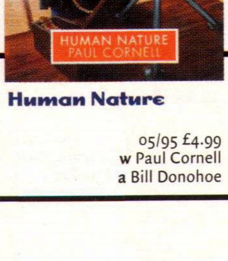
Infinite Requiem

03/95 £4.99
w Daniel Blythe
a Barry Jones



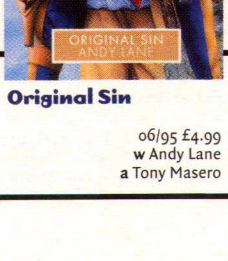
Sanctuary

04/95 £4.99
w David A McIntee
a Peter Elson



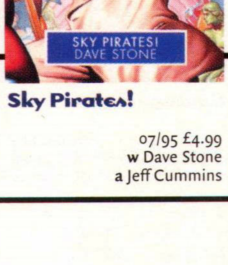
Human Nature

05/95 £4.99
w Paul Cornell
a Bill Donohoe



Original Sin

06/95 £4.99
w Andy Lane
a Tony Masero

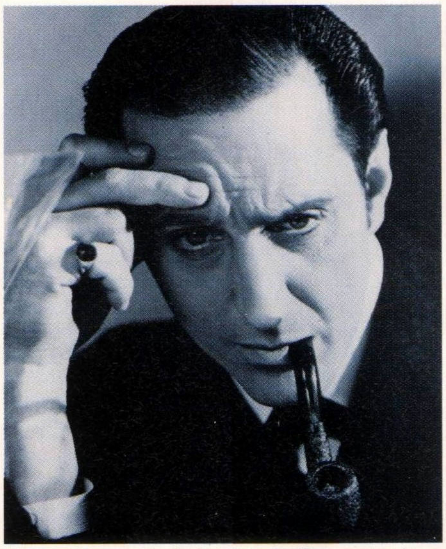


Sky Pirates!

07/95 £4.99
w Dave Stone
a Jeff Cummins

aspects of being a tramp. "If you really want to imagine an actor playing the part," wrote Lane, "look for someone with a lined, lived-in face who isn't as old as they look. John Hurt, for instance, or Don Henderson. It's the weather-seasoned Navajo look we want to aim for."

In the book *Doctor Who: Companions*, Lane recalled that the idea had been mooted at a party thrown in 1993 for the various contributors to the *Doctor Who* books. "I was pushing very hard for a change in the way the people in the TARDIS related to each other," he explained. "What I wanted was an elderly companion, someone who looked a lot older than the Doctor and who could treat the Doctor as a son, much to the Doctor's disgust. I proposed a 70 year-old tramp character called Old Tom, whose brain was half-fried from various experiences in his past and an awful lot of drink, but who had some deep, dark, terrible secret. In fact, the secret that I hadn't actually told Virgin was that he was Bernice's dad."



Basil Rathbone – Sherlock Holmes in *All-consuming Fire*, and the model for the Master in *First Frontier*

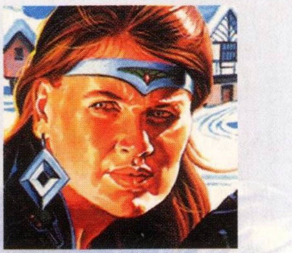
Unfortunately, Old Tom was not to be. "When I got the first draft of *Original Sin*," explains Levene, "Roz and Chris were infinitely more fun to be with than Tom, and I suggested we picked them up instead."

"I never really wanted Old Tom," muses Darvill-Evans. "I didn't want an old man as a companion. You've already got a senior male in the TARDIS – the Doctor – and how would our readership empathise with an old tramp, especially one with a drink problem? He was a very unsympathetic character. When we saw Roz and Chris developing, I was all for using them instead. Anything but the tramp!"

Roslyn Forrester and Chris Cwej (pronounced

I wish I'd written that!

Robert Shearman on Conundrum



I don't like sequels, really. I think that with the broad canvas *Doctor Who* paints on, it's fairly clumsy to revisit its past. And I don't like *The Mind Robber* – one episode of eerie brilliance and four of repetitive runaround. So why do I love *Conundrum* so much?

The New Adventures were first published whilst I was wading through lots of Serious Books for my English degree. As soon as I'd sat my final exam, I rushed out and bought up all I could find, eager to get my teeth into something fun. I was in for a shock. I can now look back and enjoy the ambition of those early novels. But I did miss the fun part – and the innocence of those televised adventures.

I'd all but given up on *Doctor Who* rediscovering its sense of humour when I picked up *Conundrum*. It's laugh-out-loud funny, but it's also very moving – because it's about the loss of that very innocence. The hilarious Adventure Kids and the failed superhero Norman Power are reflections of just what the series used to be – and it's against their cheerful obviousness that, for the first time, I appreciated the depth that the Doctor and his companions had been given. *Doctor Who* had moved away from being about the thrills and spills of predictable ciphers – and it was only in the Land of Fiction, ironically, that I realised how real it had become.

Even on screen, the Land of Fiction was all about literature rather than television – Troughton never encounters a group of BBC cameramen, just characters from books. So it seems only right that a story *about* books would be told better in book form. I love the moments where Ace can run off the page, where the Doctor can anticipate the end of a chapter and where the narrator can be challenged by his own characters. It's a *Doctor Who* novel which works simply *because* it's a novel – and by doing so, it finally laid to rest the ghost of the TV show for me. I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the *New Adventures*. And I haven't looked back.

Playwright Robert Shearman wrote The Holy Terror, DWM readers' favourite audio adventure of last year

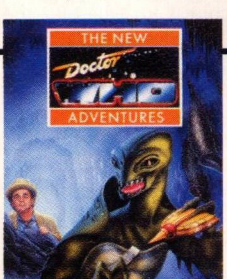
Gareth Roberts on Legacy

Peladon – such a vivid, interesting place compared to the cardboard backdrops of many *Doctor Who* stories. Aggedor and the primitive past of the plain-dwelling Pel hunters; the monarch, his chancellor and royal champion; the unlikely Bavarian-esque setting of the storm-lashed Citadel. And that's even before what Terrance Dicks once called "a mixed bag of monsters" show up with the dictats of the Galactic Federation. Brian Hayles really thought about Peladon – he could probably have shown you round. I'm sure Gary Russell could too.

It's Gary's enthusiasm that makes *Legacy* such a satisfying book. Here is an author who loves and respects *Doctor Who* and wants nothing more than to write an exciting adventure story. The narrative is breathless, unpretentious and rollicks along – a hidden treasure, a murder mystery, an assassin in disguise and more secret tunnels than you could shake a perigosto stick at. Added to the mix are the Ice Warriors, Alpha Centauri, and Aggedor – all as vivid, scary and fun as you remember. We even get to see what an Ice Lord keeps under his helmet. Damma Kort and Keri the Pakhar are also memorable creations, and Gary's additions to the Peladon legend don't jar in the slightest – even when Bernice gets a bit of inter-species romance with Ice Lord Savaar, it's perfectly acceptable. As with the TV Peladon stories, there's more than a hint of 1930s *Flash Gordon* and 1960s *Star Trek* in the air – and that's no bad thing.

The New Adventures were a bold reframing of the TV series' mythology. Every so often along the chain, it was nice to get a big, unembarrassed slice of couldn't-be-anything-else *Doctor Who*. Gary certainly provided that with *Legacy*.

Gareth Roberts, voted DWM readers' favourite Doctor Who author of all time, now writes for Randall & Hopkirk (Deceased).



Zamper

08/95 £4.99
w Gareth Roberts
a Tony Masero

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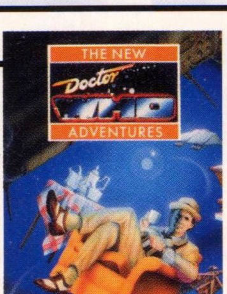

The Also People

11/95 £4.99
w Ben Aaronovitch
a Tony Masero

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Doctor WHO
ADVENTURES
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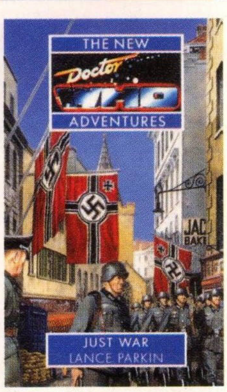
TERRANCE DICKS

Shakedown

12/95 £4.99
w Terrance Dicks
a Peter Elson



Just War

01/96 £4.99
w Lance Parkin
a Nik Spender

I wish I'd written that!

Jacqueline Rayner on *Warlock*

There's a school of thought that says the Doctor should deal with real-world atrocities through metaphor only. It trivialises human horror to hint at alien involvement, or to have the Doctor pop in and help out. And in many, many ways, I agree with that. But every now and then a *Doctor Who* book will come along dealing with some terrible thing that's happening right here and right now, and its impact will be so strong that it just seems right.

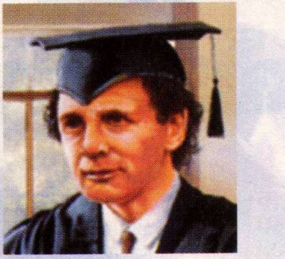
I'm not saying that *Warlock* was written as a political tract against vivisection; I don't know what the author, Andrew Cartmel, intended. But to me – and I confess I go gooey at the sight of kittens and worship the paws off my own darling little hamster – this had me gripped and emotionally involved in a way that I don't think the torture of a BBC visual effects 'puppyoid' puppet ever could have. I defy anyone to read about poor little trusting Chick's last moments and not feel that your heart's about to burst.

That's the thing about this book; it sucks you in. It's the sort of thriller where you're really not convinced that everything's going to turn out all right in the end. It's nasty. You feel for the characters, you really care what's happening to these constructs of the imagination. There are scenes where I was rooting for the characters so hard that I was holding my breath.

I was so desperate to find out how things ended up that I'm half-surprised I didn't flick forward to the end of the chapter. But of course, when you've almost forgotten you're reading a book, you don't think of that sort of thing. Any book that has the potential to involve the reader that much – that's pretty special.

When not writing novels like Earthworld and audios like The Marian Conspiracy, Jacqueline Rayner knocks the BBC Books Doctor Who range into shape

Lance Parkin on *Human Nature*



I'm not alone in loving *Human Nature*. In the **DWM** 35th anniversary poll, it was easily the most popular book – only five TV stories scored higher and it outranked *City of Death*, for heaven's sake. You can bet that someone else is writing about their second-favourite novel in these features, because I asked to do *Human Nature* first.

It's not difficult to work out why it's so good. It was by Paul Cornell, the best writer of the *New Adventures* – if not *Doctor Who* – working with Rebecca Levene, the best editor, at the height of their powers within the *Who* range. It came as the NAs were at their most confident, and there were no lesser companions, just Benny. The right people, at the right time. It was the zenith of the range; the ultimate expression of it.

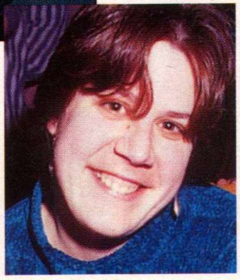
But it's so much more. TV tie-ins are called things like *Human Nature* to sound grand. They aren't meant to actually *explore* human nature, define it. Cornell depicts the spectrum of human fragility and nobility using a carefully nested series of microcosms: England on the eve of the First World War, one village, a classroom, one man. The golden rule of *Doctor Who* is that the Doctor is a mystery; you don't turn him inside-out, expose his feelings, show him falling in love. He doesn't behave like a human being. When Spock learns what it is to be human in *Star Trek*, he cries. When the Doctor does in *Human Nature*, you do. That's the difference.

The worst criticism of it I've heard is that it's the Merchant Ivory version of *Superman 2*. I honestly can't think of a better description of what *Doctor Who* ought to be.

Prolific Virgin/BBC Books author Lance Parkin's next Doctor Who novel is Trading Futures, to be released in April 2002

'Kwedge') were two Adjudicators from Earth's future. "They had started as minor characters," said Lane, "but I had grown to like them more and more as I was writing the book ... I found them to be a strange mix between Han Solo and Chewbacca from the *Star Wars* films, and also characters from the television series *NYPD Blue*. This made it a lot easier to write distinctive dialogue for two very different characters."

> 'The thing I tried to bring to the books was a more human angle'



Fantasy fan: Rebecca Levene

"A lot of what Roz turned into was due to *The Also People*, where Ben fleshed her out a lot," comments Levene. "He was very interested in her. Ben's wife is African and he also does a lot of research. As I recall, Andy had almost arbitrarily given Roz a background of a particular country or tribe in Africa, and Ben then did a huge amount of research into it and got it all right. The TARDIS was a little overcrowded with the two of them, Bernice and the Doctor, but I felt they worked. They added some humour which is always important, and also they had a relationship between themselves – a slightly soap-y aspect of 'will-they-won't-they?', which was fun."

The standout books for the critics in 1995 included *Warlock*, about which Craig Hinton enthused: "Andrew [Cartmel] has let loose a cast of characters that demand sympathy, loathing, hatred and pity; there isn't a single emotion that he doesn't wring out of the reader during the course of the book. *Warlock* is nasty. *Warlock* is unpleasant. *Warlock* is sick. And *Warlock* is a triumph". *Set Piece* was called "A cut above usual *Who* fare" by Charles Packer in *Dreamwatch*; Hinton proclaimed it "a masterpiece". *Human Nature* received perhaps the highest praise: "Very nearly unputdownable" said Andrew Martin, while Hinton claimed it was "definitely Paul Cornell's finest *Doctor Who* book ... I'd go so far as to say that it's the finest *Doctor Who* book to date". *The Also People* was described by Packer as '"an enjoyable, adult stab at *Who*", a feeling echoed by Hinton (now writing in *TV Zone*): "a stunning piece of fiction ... offbeat but entertaining, and reads like the illegitimate offspring of Douglas Adams and Isaac Asimov", while **DWM**'s new reviewer Dave Owen noted that it was "in all but name, an Iain M Banks book ... a glowing eulogy to Banks' epic (and wonderful) *Culture* novels."

Looking at the titles published in 1995, Levene is quietly pleased. "If there's anything I tried to bring to the books, it was a more human angle. I've always liked fantasy more than science fiction, though generally I don't read that much of either. I think fantasy is more about people – I can't finish William Gibson's books because I can't relate to the people in them. If anything, that was what I was trying to do. I also think that the humour appealed to me more than it did to Peter. Something like *Sky Pirates!* really made me laugh like a drain, and so I wanted it in there."

Darvill-Evans is actually in complete agreement. "I loved *Sky Pirates!* too," he protests. "Bex wasn't the only one in fits of laughter over it."

In the space of one year, Ace had left; the TARDIS had gained a feline occupant in the shape of Wolsey (as introduced by Cornell in *Human Nature*); two new companions joined; two others didn't quite make it; and Virgin's output of *Doctor Who* fiction had doubled from 12 books a year to 24 with the addition of the *Missing Adventures*.

"Those three years – 1993 to 1995 – were really the heyday of Virgin Publishing's fiction department," smiles Darvill-Evans. "There were no clouds on the horizon, there was lots of enthusiasm, the books were selling really well, and we had won some major industry awards for our work on the *Black Lace* titles especially.

"There was a sense of fun and community within the department, as well as with the authors. We arranged several parties and gatherings for them at which we talked about new ideas and directions for the range. Barely a week went by when we weren't lunching with authors and potential authors and getting them to talk to each other. We used some of the *Doctor Who* authors to launch other ranges like the *Cracker* novels and the non-fiction programme guide range ... it was an incredibly happy and productive time for everyone involved."

Andy Bodle moved on during 1995 and his place was taken by Simon Winstone – another editorial assistant specifically recruited to help with the *Doctor Who* ranges, and Darvill-Evans recalled that they also hired other people to help with Sharp's increasing workloads on the erotic publishing side (*Black Lace* titles were now being published two a month). In addition, popular author Gareth Roberts was recruited on a freelance basis to help with reading manuscripts from the ever-growing *Doctor Who* slush pile, as well as to provide holiday cover and other assistance in the Virgin fiction department.

Everything in Virgin's garden seemed rosy. But 1996 was just around the corner ...

In DWM 312, David J Howe takes a side-step to look at the Missing Adventures

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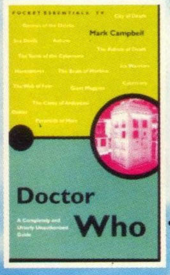

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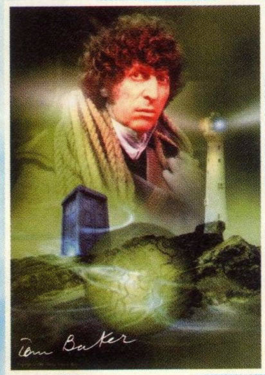

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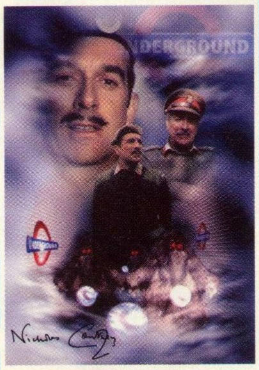

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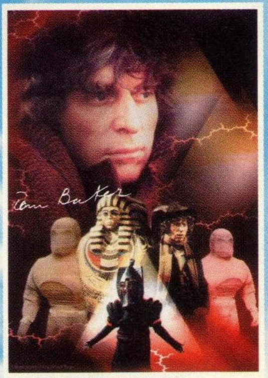

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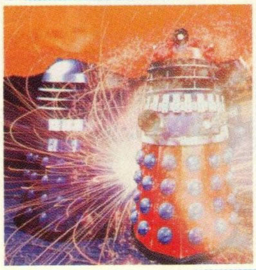

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The Keys of Marinus

IN THE BEGINNING WAS THE VOORD ... ANDREW PIXLEY PULLS ON HIS WETSUIT AND STRAPS ON HIS FLIPPERS TO SEEK OUT THE STRANGE SAGA OF THE PLANET MARINUS – A FIRST DOCTOR STORY WITH A CONSCIENCE!

THE SEA OF DEATH 1

The TARDIS materialises on an island dominated by a massive pyramid. As the Doctor, Susan, Ian and Barbara go to explore, a dark, masked creature approaches the ship. On the beach, the group discover that the sand is glass – and Susan's shoes are dissolved when they are accidentally knocked into an acid pool. Fetching a new pair from the TARDIS, Susan is stalked by the mysterious creature ...

The Doctor's party have found four torpedo-like submersibles, one holding the remains of a dead creature. Unable to find Susan, they head for the pyramid – where a robed figure soon saves Susan from the creature following her. He imprisons her alongside his other captives, Barbara and the Doctor, and they are only released when Ian rescues the robed man, Arbitan, from another of the creatures – the Voord.

Arbitan shows the travellers a machine, the Conscience of Marinus, which was developed 2,000 years earlier in a bid to eliminate evil from the minds of the population. A man called Yartek resisted its power, and the population were helpless against his Voord. The machine was deactivated, and four of the five micro-circuit keys required to restart it were hidden while it was modified. The Conscience is ready, but those whom Arbitan sent to recover the keys have not returned.

Isolating the TARDIS behind a force barrier, Arbitan compels the Doctor's party to find the keys for him, giving them pre-programmed travel-dials to transport them to the location of each key. Barbara departs first, followed by her friends. Alone, Arbitan is ambushed and stabbed to death by a Voord. Ian, Susan and the Doctor appear outside a doorway – and find Barbara's bloodied travel dial on the ground ...

THE VELVET WEB 2

The Doctor, Ian and Susan go through the door to find an elegantly-dressed Barbara relaxing in an opulent chamber. She explains how she panicked, scratching herself as she removed the travel-dial. A young man called Altos explains that they can have whatever they want, here in the City of Morphoton. The travellers rest, and a servant girl places discs on their foreheads. Restless, Barbara dislodges hers – and awakens to see the beautiful room as a dirty chamber, much to her friends' astonishment. When Altos tries to take her to the city's physicians, Barbara flees, hiding in a basement room – where she finds Sabetha, the girl who placed the discs on them, in a confused, hypnotised state. Barbara spots a micro-key around her neck; she is Arbitan's daughter.

Altos reports to his masters – four disembodied brains in jars. They declare that Barbara must be destroyed for seeing the truth; the others will be enslaved by the Mesmeron. Barbara encounters a hypnotised Ian, who takes her before the brains; they explain that they outgrew their bodies long ago, and are now dependent on human slaves. Barbara smashes their life-support equipment – and, as the brains die, the slaves are freed from their hypnosis. Sabetha and Altos, another of Arbitan's couriers, elect to join forces with the travellers. The Doctor decides to go ahead to the City of Millenius, where Altos' colleague, Eprin, was hoping to locate the fourth key. The Doctor hopes to meet his friends in Millenius in about five days' time.

Susan activates her dial first, arriving in thick vegetation. A terrible sound forces her, sobbing, to her knees: "Go away! Go away!"

THE SCREAMING JUNGLE

By the time the others arrive, the noise has gone. While Ian, Altos and Sabetha walk around a walled building, Susan claims that a creeper attempted to wrap itself around her. Barbara finds a tunnel leading to a statue, atop which is the micro-key – but when she climbs up to reach it, the idol grabs her and rotates behind the wall.

Sabetha notices that the micro-key is a fake, and moves onto the next location with Susan and Altos. Meanwhile, Ian attempts to penetrate the booby-trapped fortress, ending up trapped in a cage. Barbara, who is caught in a net, is approached by an old man – who, on checking the programming of her dial, agrees that they have been sent by Arbitan and releases them. However, the old man is then throttled by a vine; he dies, babbling about a "whisper of death" and giving them only one clue to the key's location: "DE302". Ian and Barbara search the man's laboratory, and discover that he was working on a growth accelerator. The vegetation outside starts to break in through the flimsy walls just as the pair locate the key in a chemical jar marked DE302.

Activating their dials, Ian and Barbara materialise in a freezing blizzard: "If we don't find shelter we don't stand a chance!"

THE SNOWS OF TERROR 4

Ian and Barbara collapse – but they are found by a trapper, Vasor, who takes them to his remote hut. Vasor says that he recently helped a stranger who was looking for two girls. Realising that this must have been Altos, Ian sets out after him – and finds him tied up by Vasor and left to die. Barbara sees both Sabetha's micro-keys and her friends' travel-dials in the hut ... but the menacing trapper is overpowered by the returning Ian and Altos, who force him to take them to the ice cave where he abandoned the girls.

Lost in the caves, Susan and Sabetha cross a rope bridge spanning a deep chasm. They are soon reunited with Ian, Altos and Barbara – but Vasor cuts the bridge, stranding them. The micro-key is inside a block of ice guarded by four frozen soldiers. Warm water melts the ice, allowing the key to be retrieved – but the guards are also revived, and they pursue the party. Susan uses vast icicles to cross the chasm and to restore the bridge, allowing the others to cross to safety. They reach Vasor's hut and regain their travel-dials, departing just as the ice soldiers arrive, killing Vasor.

Ian arrives in a security vault, and is examining the dead body of a guard when he is knocked unconscious. His attacker places a mace in his hand before stealing the micro-key from a display cabinet ...

SENTENCE OF DEATH 5

Ian recovers, and Chief Enquirer Tarron of the Guardian Division tells him he is accused of murdering the guard and stealing the key; in the City of Millenius, the law decrees him guilty until proved innocent. The Doctor defends Ian; he was planning to obtain the key with Eprin, the murdered guard. In court, Ian is sentenced to death, but the Doctor is allowed two days to gather evidence; reconstructing events, he realises where the key is hidden.

Barbara and Susan visit Guardian Aydan, the vault's relief guard; the clearly-implicated Aydan is hostile, arguing with his wife, Kala. Somebody from their apartment then contacts Court Representative Eyesen, the man prosecuting Ian. In court, the Doctor pretends that Sabetha has the missing key; this provokes the accused Aydan into starting to confess, but in the chaos somebody shoots him dead. Ian is still not cleared of murder.

Outside the courtroom, Barbara receives a note threatening another murder, and is then told that there is a call for her. She hears the voice of a terrified Susan down the line: "They're going to kill me ..."

'Machines can make laws, but ...'

As the TARDIS travellers prepare to leave Arbitan's island, the Doctor speaks with the dead man's daughter, Sabetha ...

THE DOCTOR I'm glad to have this moment alone with you, Sabetha. I want to speak of your father. You know, he was a very wise and brilliant man and I know how you felt when you learned of his death.
SABETHA And his life's work destroyed.
THE DOCTOR Oh, no no no, I wouldn't say that. His work will go on, only not quite in the same way. But I don't believe that man was made to be controlled by machines. Machines can make laws, but they cannot preserve justice. Only human beings can do that. Now I only hope that you'll carry on his good work – please. Goodbye. Bless you my child.

From **The Keys of Marinus: The Keys of Marinus** *by Terry Nation*

THE KEYS OF MARINUS 6

Barbara decides that Kala will want her husband's killer brought to justice, but when they visit the widow, she claims to know nothing. In fact, Kala has Susan captive. Barbara's suspicions are aroused and she, Sabetha and Altos return to rescue Susan. The Doctor is sure that Kala's confederate will collect the key soon – and, that night, a hooded figure is apprehended and revealed to be Eyesen, whose mace contains the missing key. With Ian released, the Doctor's party travel back to the island with the final micro-key; Sabetha and Altos have gone ahead of them.

In the machine room, Yartek, leader of the Voord, disguises himself in Arbitan's robes. Capturing Sabetha and Altos, he takes three of the keys – and starts to activate the Conscience in an effort to dominate the people of Marinus. Ian and Susan find the disguised Yartek, and Ian seems to hand over the final key – actually the fake from the idol, since Ian has realised that this is not Arbitan. Sabetha and Altos are rescued by the Doctor's party; the girl says that inserting the false key will cause the machine to explode. The group escape as Yartek tries to activate the Conscience, perishing in the explosion along with his Voord.

The Doctor tells Sabetha to carry on her father's work as she and Altos decide to start a new life together. The TARDIS departs from the island.

The TARDIS travellers think they've landed in the lap of luxury ... © RAYMOND P CUSICK

... but hypnosis means neither they nor Altos (Robin Phillips) can perceive the grim reality of the City of Morphoton. © RAYMOND P CUSICK

In Production

The Velvet Web: Carole Ann Ford and William Hartnell recording scenes in the 'fantasy' Morphoton. © Raymond P Cusick

From the outset, Malcolm Hulke had seemed a natural choice to write for *Doctor Who*. Along with Eric Paice, he had authored *Target Luna*, *Pathfinders in Space*, *Pathfinders to Mars* and *Pathfinders to Venus*, four serials produced by Sydney Newman at ABC in 1960 and 1961. Fore-runners of *Doctor Who*, these were weekly family-oriented science fiction dramas with characters similar to the original TARDIS crew. By early in July 1963, Hulke was one of several writers to have submitted story ideas for *Doctor Who* – and by mid-September, he had been scheduled to write the sixth serial, a six-parter set in Britain circa 400 AD, when the Romans made their exodus. The narrative concerned the conflict between those left behind to rule and those who allied themselves to the invading Saxons. No immediate development of this storyline seems to have taken place, and Hulke would later resubmit it under the title *Britain 408 AD*.

Later in September, Hulke was assigned a new six-part serial, *The Hidden Planet*, set on a planet identical to Earth located on the far side of the sun. Both worlds would be unaware of the existence of the other, the 'hidden planet' being differentiated from our own by certain strange phenomena: four-leaf clovers would be common, and four-winged birds would fly backwards. Scheduled seventh in production order, this came under the category of a 'sideways' story, rather than a 'past' or 'future' type.

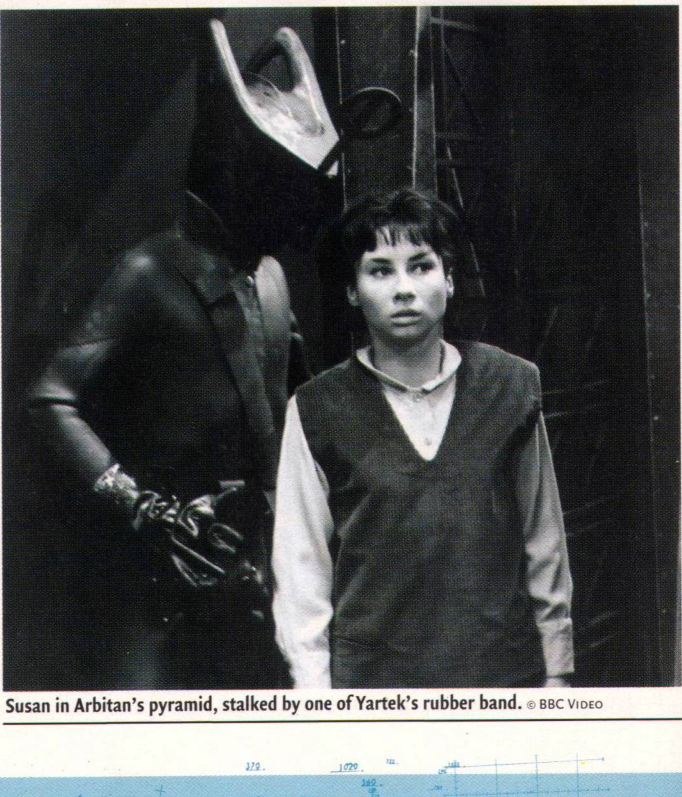
The idea of a twin world stemmed from a storyline Hulke had delivered on Monday 2 September. This seems to have been a partial reworking of a previously rejected six-part SF serial, *The Mirror Planet*, submitted by Hulke and Paice to BBC editor Andrew Tyrell in April 1958. *The Hidden Planet* was soon moved forward to the sixth production slot; early in October it was described as Serial G, due to enter production in June 1964. Scripts were formally commissioned on Monday 2 December; the second episode was entitled *The Year of the Lame Dog*.

By Tuesday 7 January 1964, continuing problems with scripts for two stories – Anthony Coburn's *The Masters of Luxor*, plus a Robert Gould tale in which the TARDIS crew were 'miniaturised' – had led to *The Hidden Planet* again being brought forward, becoming Serial E, set for production over March and April. A further 16 episodes of *Doctor Who* were by now guaranteed; the next day, the regular cast of William Hartnell, William Russell, Jacqueline Hill and Carole Ann Ford had their options for Serials E, F and G taken up.

Although Hulke's storyline had been deemed suitable, his first script for *Dr Who and the Hidden Planet* was not what producer Verity Lambert and story editor David Whitaker had wanted. During January, it became clear that substantial rewrites would be necessary; Hulke, believing that the changes requested constituted a change to his original brief, sought extra remuneration. A replacement serial would be needed to fill the Serial E slot, at least until this dispute had been resolved – and there were no useable scripts to hand.

The first episodes to feature the Daleks had just been broadcast, accompanied by a major improvement in the series' viewing figures – and, in an attempt to repeat this success, another 'futuristic' serial from the Daleks' creator, Terry Nation, was considered. Nation had been due to write the eighth serial (later designated 'H') from as early as mid-September; his formal commission to write this seven-part historical tale, *The Red Fort*, had come on Tuesday 24 September 1963, with a target delivery date of Monday 16 December. *The Red Fort* was set at the time of the Indian Mutiny of 1857, a long and bloody armed uprising by disaffected Indian-born troops against the colonial officers of the British East India Company (the 'Red Fort', an old Moghul palace at Delhi, was stormed by the mutineers on 11 May 1857). It seems that Nation never delivered these scripts; he later claimed that, having completed work on the Dalek story hastily and with little enthusiasm in mid-September, he had actually forgotten all about *Doctor Who* until his first episode, *The Dead Planet*, aired in late December. On Tuesday 21 January 1964, Nation met with Whitaker, Lambert and associate producer Mervyn Pinfield, agreeing to provide six scripts within four weeks. Aware of the tight demands being made on Nation, Whitaker offered to help him with regular discussions – and the notion of four 'mini-adventures' in one serial was soon arrived at.

Intrigued by the idea of the TARDIS crew searching for parts of a puzzle, Nation developed a premise for a story entitled *Doctor Who and the Keys of Marinus*. This was to be set on the planet Marinus, where law-breaking was once abolished



Susan in Arbitan's pyramid, stalked by one of Yartek's rubber band. © BBC Video

SCRIPTING The Voord

In his script for the first episode, *The Sea of Death*, Terry Nation indentified the three assassins as Voord One, Two and Three.

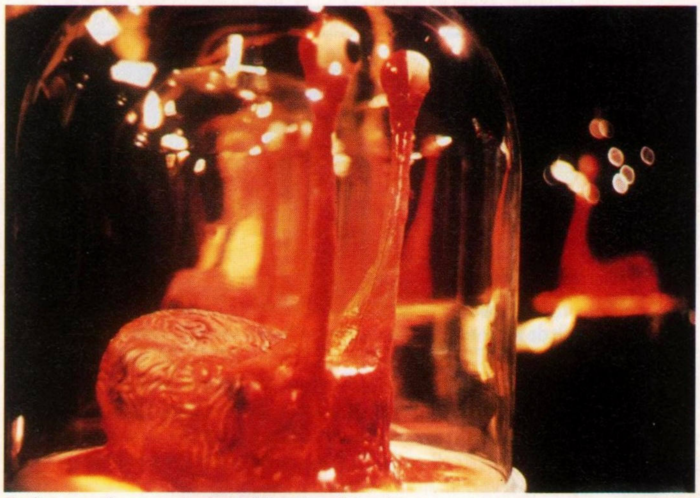
Watching the TARDIS crew from hiding, Voord One was described as: "A hand and arm cased in black rubber, the fingers webbed." In a later scene, Voord One is said to have a "head cased in a black rubber mask. Respirator type. Huge glass eye pieces. As sinister as possible."

The original script made it clear that "Voord" was the plural – but deviations from this during recording gave rise to the term "Voords", which was then echoed in the closing credits. Yartek was referred to as "a man [who] invented an immuniser" – and those using this device were the Voord.

by the development of the Conscience of Marinus. Unfortunately, this device made the pastoral Marinians vulnerable to attack – and the brutal alien Voord, immune to the Conscience, were able to invade (it was noted the Voord had only white corpuscles in their blood). The scientists dismantled the Conscience, allowing the Voord to be thrown off the planet. For hundreds of years, the Marinians resisted the Voord, who are still being repelled as the story begins. Arbitan, the last of the great scientists, decides to reactivate the machine, since inter-marriage and exposure to the atmosphere of Marinus have made the Voord vulnerable to its powers (only Arbitan is still immune). Arbitan takes the machine to an island fortress in a sea of sulphuric acid, from where he sends out five friends and followers to regain the keys. Three of the Voord cross the Sea of Death in special vehicles in order to steal the machine, and thereby rule the planet. When Doctor Who's party arrives, Arbitan forces them to enter a 'molecular reconstructor cabinet' that will transport them to the location of the first key; when they reach the first key, they will know the location of the second (and so on). Barbara departs first, with the others close behind. Arbitan – sitting alone on a carved stool of fused quartz – is knifed by the third Voord. Barbara's friends arrive at the first destination, finding only her shoes. Nation noted that the first episode would be called *The Sea of Death*.

On Monday 3 February, Whitaker attended a script conference at Nation's London flat to discuss the first four episodes of *Doctor Who and the Keys of Marinus*, particularly regarding cast, set and pre-filming requirements. The narrative for the first episode was entirely Nation's, with Whitaker making only minor suggestions. The second episode, about a city where people's dreams come true, arose from combined discussions between the two men. Whitaker's suggestion of a 'House that Jack Built' plot, involving a building full of booby-traps, inspired the third episode – but, with both of the first two instalments being set largely indoors, Nation decided to locate events in the open, a choice that in turn prompted the notion of accelerated vegetation. Following this 'hot' jungle setting, Whitaker suggested a shift to the cold of a snowscape. Briefer discussions were held regarding the last two episodes: the fifth arose from general talks, while the final episode was totally Nation's.

Whitaker collected a draft of *The Sea of Death* from Nation on Thursday 6 February. Originally, when Barbara comments that the TARDIS does not have a colour scanner, the Doctor replies: "I was working on that on your planet – you remember the first time we met. My colour rays aren't mixing. I went along to the British Broadcasting Corporation but they were infernally secretive." "Was that the day you came back in such a bad temper, Grandfather?" asks Susan, to which the old man snaps: "I never lose my temper!" On the beach, Barbara voices her hope that the sand the Doctor has found is composed of diamonds, with the old man remembering that these are precious stones on Earth. Arbitan's building appears "to have been built from great marble blocks". Arbitan's name was derived from the noun 'arbiter', meaning 'judge'; he was described as wearing "a monk-like robe". The Conscience machine was housed in the Archive Room, which was envisaged as being "lined with shelves all stacked with documents and books. At the centre of the room and dominating it is the 'Conscience of the Planet', a vast electronic machine designed with symmetry. This symmetry is broken at four points where it is obvious that some parts of the machine have been removed". On finding the TARDIS isolated by the invisible force barrier, the Doctor explains: "To achieve this one doesn't divide the atoms. You subtract them. For about a foot in depth around the ship there is a circular wall from which all atoms have been taken, do you see?" Later on, Arbitan explains that the travel-dials work by separating "molecular structure and re-assembl[ing it] at one's destination". "In the same order I hope!" adds Ian.



Brain gang: the secret leaders of the City of Morphoton. © Raymond P Cusick

The second episode, *The Velvet Web*, was collected by Whitaker on Tuesday 11. The script introduced the romantic pairing of Arbitan's daughter, Sabetha, and his courier Altos: "Sabetha ... is very beautiful in her flowing gown" while "Altos [is] young, tall and good looking". Nation set the Morpho brains which dominate the city in "Four glass domes – similar to Victorian display cases". Of the human-like brains themselves, he wrote: "They pulsate slowly rising falling with the wheezing sound ... On the top of each brain ... are two stalks on which grow eyes ... The voice is a breathless croak, and we cannot see where it emanates."

UNMADE STORY The Hidden Planet

Malcolm Hulke's story *The Hidden Planet*, which had been intended to run in the slot eventually given over to Terry Nation's *The Keys of Marinus*, began with the TARDIS seeming to land in England in the present day, the crew seeing a cycling policeman on the scanner. The travellers were to discover that they are, however, on Earth's mirror-world, the Tenth Planet – where "the glass of fashion has a different reflection, the mould of form an altered pattern yet both have sprung from the same roots as their counterparts on Earth". Here, the oppressed male sex seeks equality with women; Barbara, who is the double of the ruling leader, is mistakenly kidnapped by male rebels and the travellers become caught up in a violent struggle for male suffrage.

In February 1964, script editor David Whitaker suggested terms under which the story could be rewritten for later in the season, but Hulke's agent complained about his client being required to undertake unpaid rewrite work. The BBC maintained that although the storyline was acceptable, Hulke's first script was not – and if the writer saw the problem as insurmountable, the project would be abandoned.

In April, *The Hidden Planet* was scheduled as Serial B of the projected second season; by late July, BBC indecision about extending the series made it possible that a five-part version might follow the upcoming Dalek sequel. Whitaker eventually abandoned the serial on Thursday 24 September on the grounds that the character of Susan had now been written out of the series, coupled with the fact that Hulke's scripts lacked monsters – now known to be a popular element in *Doctor Who*.

A matter of Conscience: the Doctor with Arbitan (George Coulouris). © BBC Video

Nation delivered the third and fourth episodes, *The Screaming Jungle* and *The Snows of Terror*, on Monday 17 February. In the former, the scientist Darrius was "An old man, in a robe like the one worn by Arbitan in Episode One", while in the latter Vasor was described as "a very unkempt man. His clothes made from skins, roughly stitched together ... A Brueghel peasant" (after the work of 16th century Flemish painter Pieter Brueghel, famed for his pictures of rural life). *The Snows of Terror* included the ice soldiers: "Four figures. They wear strange soldier like uniforms. Fierce faces distorted through the ice ... Each soldier has a different weapon. A huge sword. A battle axe. A lance and a mace." The soldiers were generally referred to in the stage directions by the name of the weapon they carried – 'Sword' and 'Mace', for example.

> **'The director said, his head in his hands, "Oh God, I didn't come to the BBC to direct this. I came to do *Oedipus Rex!*"'**
>
> Verity Lambert • DWM 235

DIRECTOR John Gorrie

Born in Hastings in 1932, John Gorrie began his career as an actor, but always wanted to direct. Joining the BBC as an assistant floor manager, Gorrie took the BBC internal director's course in early 1963, and emerged six months later to work on soap opera *Compact* and anthology series *Suspense*. *The Keys of Marinus* was the only complete *Doctor Who* serial which he would direct, although in late July 1964 he helmed *A Change of Identity*, the third episode of *The Reign of Terror* [pictured] from a camera script prepared by director Henric Hirsch before he collapsed, ill. Gorrie has continued to enjoy a notable career as a television producer, writer and director on *The Wednesday Thriller*, *Out of the Unknown*, *Thirteen Against Fate*, *Play for Today* (including the original *Rumpole of the Bailey* play), *Edward VII*, *Play of the Month* (including *The Picture of Dorian Gray*), *Lillie*, *Tales of the Unexpected*, the BBC's Shakespeare presentations, *The Ruth Rendell Mysteries*, *A Sort of Innocence* and *Perfect Scoundrels*.

The remaining scripts were delivered shortly afterwards. In the fifth episode, *The Sentence of Death*, Nation outlined characters from the City of Millenius: the dead Eprin, dressed as a member of the Guardian Division, wore "a semi-military uniform of modern design"; Chief Enquirer Tarron wore "a close-fitting, one piece, black uniform. From the heavy belt at the waist, hangs a holster containing a gun of advanced design. Tarron is 28. Good looking"; court administrator Larn was "a friendly, good hearted man who interprets his job in the best possible way"; and Kala was "25, tough and ambitious. These qualities she conceals for the moment under a facade of gentle concern". In the final script, *The Keys of Marinus*, the Doctor says that he once met Pyrhho, the third century Greek philosopher regarded as the founder of scepticism.

On Tuesday 25 February, Whitaker formally accepted all six scripts, passing them to BBC staff director John Gorrie, who had trained during 1963. *The Keys of Marinus* was an early assignment for Gorrie – who did not really want to work on *Doctor Who*, but had been specifically requested by Lambert. He had hoped to helm a historical, feeling that science fiction did not suit him; on one occasion, Lambert found Gorrie in his office with his head in his hands, depressed by the scripts and saying that he had come to the BBC to direct classics like *Oedipus Rex*.

All washed up: the Doctor and friends find Voord submersibles beached on Arbitan's shore ...

The main design team comprised Raymond Cusick, Daphne Dare and Jill Summers: set designer Cusick had already supervised the first Dalek serial and the TARDIS-bound *Inside the Spaceship*; costume designer Dare had worked on *Doctor Who* since the first Dalek serial; and Summers was new to the show. Incidental music was composed by Norman Kay, who had scored the first story, *100,000 BC*, the previous September. Played by seven musicians, Kay's *The Keys of Marinus* score ran to over 19 minutes, including some vocal tracks from a soprano used in snow scenes for *The Screaming Jungle* and *The Snows of Terror*.

COSTUMES The Voord

Following Terry Nation's vague script descriptions, costume designer Daphne Dare based her design for the three Voord on a rubber wetsuit. The heads were made from vulcanised rubber by Jack and John Lovell, a father-and-son team of specialist props builders based in Battersea. Each of the Voord had a different probe emerging from the front of the head, with one of the masks being modified for Yartek in the final episode. Because Yartek was the only Voord with important dialogue, larger eye and mouth holes were cut; the probe was removed, to, since this would prove impractical in the scenes where Yartek pretends to be Arbitan. The suits were very hot, with one of the actors fainting from the heat. Years later, actor Peter Stenson recalled his time as a Voord in the pages of a rubber fetish magazine.

Whitaker continued to fine-tune the scripts; on Tuesday 10 March, he wrote to Nation's agent Beryl Vertue at Associated London Scripts to thank her client for his rapid work – and confirming that a commission for a third serial would follow shortly. *The Daleks* (later *The Dalek Invasion of Earth*) was formally requested the following week.

Early March saw one day's worth of silent 35mm model filming take place at the BBC's Television Film Studios at Ealing. An establishing shot of the island and pyramid for *The Sea of Death* had a miniature TARDIS, complete with flashing light, materialising on the model beach (this was the first time that the Doctor's ship had been seen to 'land' on screen). The same shot was used midway through the final episode; it was then run in reverse at the very end of the serial. Using the same model set, a sequence showing the four Voord submersibles arriving on the shoreline was filmed for *The Sea of Death*, along with a full-size shot of Susan's shoe dissolving in acid. Having read the script, Cusick recommended inserting a brief film shot showing the demise of Voord Two after its attack on Arbitan, thinking that the way Gorrie had planned the sequence would have made it seem as though the creature had simply fallen into a cupboard. Cusick suggested a shot of the figure falling down a well shaft, realised by dropping a rubber model of a Voord down a tube from a stepladder. The other inserts were for *The Snows of Terror*: a shot of Vasor's snowbound hut, plus two point-of-view shots of the rope bridge across the snow chasm, as seen by Susan. Cusick recalled Gorrie being disinterested, reading a newspaper while he set up the shots. The other film inserts showed the wolves seen by Ian and Altos in *The Snows of Terror*, for which Gorrie purchased 14' of 35mm sound film entitled *The Grey Robber* from the Russian distributor Sovexport.

> **'If you gave me the choice now between a children's series and *Oedipus Rex*, I'd choose the children's series ...'**
>
> **John Gorrie • DWM 209**

Cast and crew mingle while setting up recording of *The Sea of Death*. © BBC VIDEO

Rehearsals began on Monday 16 March at the Territorial Army Drill Hall at 239 Uxbridge Road – a venue not beloved of Hartnell, who complained particularly about a continually sniffling man, Joe, who served tea and sandwiches. Gorrie had been warned that Hartnell could be very difficult, but found the actor most co-operative, caring deeply about the show.

The Sea of Death saw the booking of a major guest star to play Arbitan – George Coulouris, who had worked on Broadway in the 1930s and 1940s and featured in major films such as *Citizen Kane* and *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. Born in Manchester in 1903, Coulouris had made an impression on Gorrie when he had seen him on stage at the Old Vic; the actor had returned to England from America some years earlier, where his television work had included numerous BBC plays plus *Pathfinders to Mars* and *Pathfinders to Venus*.

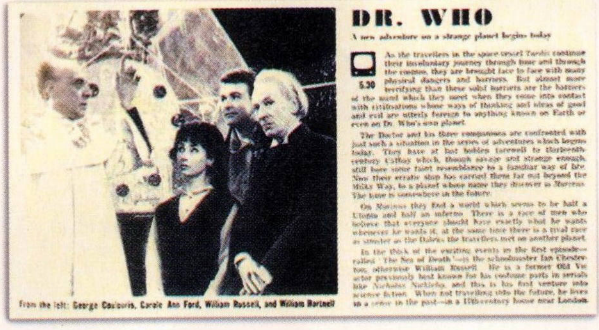
Whitaker rewrote *The Snows of Terror* on Tuesday 17 March on learning that the character of the Doctor had to be eliminated from both this and *The Screaming Jungle*. Back in July 1963, the regular cast had been booked to record 52 or 53 episodes once a week without a break between Friday 11 October 1963 and Friday 9 October 1964, with one week off over Christmas 1963. With all the characters now well-established, it was felt that each cast member could be given a two-week holiday, during which time their character would either be absent or appear only in pre-filmed inserts. Hartnell's break came first: originally, the Doctor went with Susan and Sabetha in *The Snows of Terror*, Vasor's hoard being noted as including the travel-dials, the micro-keys and "Dr Who's ring". (Similarly, Ford would be released from Gorrie's rehearsals in mid-April to pre-film material covering her absence in the subsequent story, *The Aztecs*.)

Recording for *The Sea of Death* took place at the usual venue of Studio D, Lime Grove, on Friday 20 March; main recording took place between 8.00 and

9.45pm. *The Sea of Death* was the first episode not to follow on directly from the end of the previous instalment, although Russell continued to wear his Oriental garb from *Marco Polo*. Opening captions were superimposed over the model sequence of the island. A monitor fed by a camera from the beach set acted as the TARDIS scanner. A recording break was arranged to allow the regulars to move sets and emerge from the Police Box prop. Photocaptions depicted Arbitan's building as seen by the travellers. Backdrops painted with a false perspective gave the illusion of long exterior walls. One of the wall panels was able to rotate on cue; this set element was operated by a stagehand (who is visible on several occasions in the finished programme).

Voord One had Arbitan's dummy knife attached to his back throughout the whole sequence in which he attacks Susan. A recording break followed the first cell scene, to allow for the fight between Arbitan and Voord Two to be set up; here, John Beerbohm doubled for Coulouris. As much of the production's meagre budget as possible was spent on the Archive Room set; the Conscience machine was made by Shawcraft Modellers of Uxbridge, who had also constructed the fibreglass Voord submarines. Running out of money, Cusick built the rest of the set using fibreglass and metal elements which had been thrown out after being used in a light entertainment show recorded at Television Centre. Further recording breaks allowed the regulars to move back and forth between the Archive Room and beach sets; another came just before the attack on Arbitan. Barbara's disappearance using her travel dial was achieved using a split-screen inlay effect; Jacqueline Hill stood against a black background, which was then mixed out, causing her to 'vanish'. The appearance of the Doctor's party was achieved by fading from a photocaption of the wall to the actors on the set. The 'Next Episode' caption was superimposed over a shot of Ian holding the dicarded travel dial.

Lime Grove rehearsals for *Velvet Web*. © Raymond P Cusick


DR. WHO

A new adventure on a strange planet begins today

5.30

As the travellers in the space-vessel Tardis continue their involuntary journey through time and through the cosmos, they are brought face to face with many physical dangers and barriers. But almost more terrifying than these solid barriers are the barriers of the mind which they meet when they come into contact with civilisations whose ways of thinking and ideas of good and evil are utterly foreign to anything known on Earth or even on Dr. Who's own planet.

The Doctor and his three companions are confronted with just such a situation in the series of adventures which begins today. They have at last bidden farewell to thirteenth-century Cathay which, though savage and strange enough, still bore some faint resemblance to a familiar way of life. Now their erratic ship has carried them far out beyond the Milky Way, to a planet whose name they discover is Marinus. The time is somewhere in the future.

On Marinus they find a world which seems to be half a Utopia and half an inferno. There is a race of men who believe that everyone should have exactly what he wants whenever he wants it; at the same time there is a rival race as sinister as the Daleks the travellers met on another planet.

In the thick of the exciting events in the first episode—called 'The Sea of Death'—is the schoolmaster Ian Chesterton, otherwise William Russell. He is a former Old Vic actor previously best known for his costume parts in serials like Nicholas Nickleby, and this is his first venture into science fiction. When not travelling into the future, he lives in a setting in the past—in a 17th-century house near London.

From the left: George Coulouris, Carole Ann Ford, William Russell, and William Hartnell

Promotion for *The Sea of Death*. © Radio Times

At this stage, *Doctor Who* was being taped three weeks in advance of broadcast, and so editing on *The Sea of Death* took place the following Monday evening. Earlier that day, rehearsals began for *The Velvet Web*, the cast being joined by Robin Phillips and Katharine Schofield as Altos and Sabetha; Gorrie had envisaged their characters as a fairytale prince and princess. Phillips, who knew Gorrie from his acting days, later became a prominent figure in the Canadian theatre; Schofield was a former drama student of Gorrie's who later starred in the BBC's 1968 adaptation of *Nana*. The 'Voice of Morpho' was provided by Heron Carvic, a radio actor with a striking voice who also wrote romantic fiction under a pen-name.

On Thursday 26 March, Nation's third instalment became the subject of a minor dispute involving writer Robert Gould, who had worked on *The Miniscule Story* in the later part of 1963. Having judged this story impractical, Gould had been invited to submit another idea on Tuesday 4 February 1964; this concerned a world where plants treated people as people treated plants, but Lambert felt this would be too similar to John Wyndham's 1951 novel *The Day of the Triffids*. On Sunday 9 February, Gould sent a card saying that he had abandoned the idea, but was now concerned that Nation's storyline for *The Screaming Jungle* closely resembled his 'plants' idea. Whitaker was able to prove that Gould's story had not been passed onto Nation, and no plagiarism had occurred.

The Velvet Web was recorded on Friday 27 March at the usual time of 8.30 to 9.45pm; the episode title and writer credit were superimposed over the opening title film as it faded to black, after which a new version of the reprise was performed. Flashing lights and an over-exposure of the camera were used when the Doctor's party enter the Reception Room and when the 'somnor disc' falls from Barbara's forehead. Recording breaks were scheduled around the scene in which Barbara saw the Reception Room as it really was; Hill remained on the 'Fantasy' set, while the other cast members moved to the 'Reality' set to show her point of view. Cusick had wanted to put stuffed dead rats on the 'Reality' set, but Gorrie objected. Around these recording breaks, Hill, Phillips and Schofield also changed into tattered outfits. Shawcraft made the four brains in jars, which pulsated by use of an air pump. Only one of the brains' jars broke when attacked by Hill, although all of the dying brains' eye-stalks drooped; Hill then donned her normal costume during another break. The 'Next Episode' caption ran over a shot of the distressed Susan on the jungle set. With recording complete, Hartnell departed for his fortnight's holiday.

Rehearsals for *The Screaming Jungle* began on Monday 30 March; Martin Cort, who had played a Voord in *The Sea of Death*, now played another masked role – this time as a warrior statue. The episode was recorded on Friday 3 April, with the opening titles again being shown against a black background before a short re-enactment of the previous week's conclusion. The moving vegetation was generally operated by fine wires. The 'idol' housed an actor whose arms projected from the prop, allowing it to grab its victims. A model of the spiked ceiling was shown descending towards Barbara from her point of view. The walls of Darrius' laboratory were rigged to be 'forced apart' by the creepers. A recording break before the final scene allowed Ian and Barbara to move 'instantaneously' from Darrius' dwelling to the snowscape, where the 'Next Episode' caption was superimposed over a shot of the frozen duo. Here, Jabolite – a form of expanded polystyrene – was used to simulate snow. Although absent for this episode and the next, Hartnell was still credited on screen and in the *Radio Times*.

The cast started rehearsing *The Snows of Terror* on Monday 6 April, when they were joined by Francis De Wolff as Vasor; De Wolff had been a film actor since 1948, with notable roles including *Scrooge*. Peter Stenson, another Voord actor, now played a masked Ice Soldier. During this week, the *Radio Times* publicised the first episode of *The Keys of Marinus*, setting the scene for the new adventure as "half a Utopia, half an inferno ... somewhere in the future", alongside a photograph of Arbitan with the travellers; the rest of the piece focused on William Russell. More publicity appeared that day in the *Daily Mail*, with an item entitled *New TV Monsters Will Rival the Daleks* concentrating on the Voord.

With the Voord being the first monsters to appear after the Daleks, extra media interest was hoped for – and so a special publicity session took place on Friday 10, the day *The Snows of Terror* was recorded, during which Stenson posed as a Voord with Ford. The episode was taped in the evening. Opening titles ran over a shot of Ian and Barbara collapsed in the snow, and then a recording break allowed the actors to move to the Wooden Hut set. Cusick was unhappy with the ice cave sets; he had asked for 'rock walls' but had been given 'stone walls', which he attempted to hide with low-key lighting. Fibreglass was used to make the

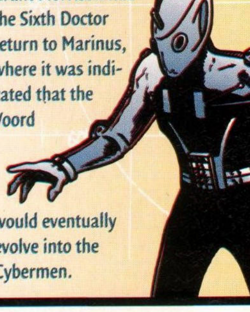
MARKETING *Voord and pictures*

Late in 1964, the Voord appeared in an adventure spanning 50 collector's cards found in packets of Cadet's *Dr Who and the Dalek* Sweet Cigarettes. Film company Amicus apparently purchased the movie rights to *The Keys of Marinus* along with Terry Nation's Dalek serials, but later dropped them.

The first *Doctor Who* annual, issued in September 1965, featured the Voord both on the cover and in the text story *The Fishmen of Kandalinga*. Here, the Doctor re-encounters the Voord millions of years later; the Voord recall how he helped "the Arbitans" to repel them from Marinus to the water world of Kandalinga. The personal travel-machine dials and two of the keys of Marinus also reappeared in the story, and it was stated that the organ projecting from the front of the Voord's mask gave them telepathic powers.

Nation's scripts were faithfully adapted for Target Books by former producer Philip Hinchcliffe as *Doctor Who and the Keys of Marinus*, published in both paperback and hardback from WH Allen in August 1980. Although a piece of artwork specific to the serial had been planned, the eventual cover was a generic piece of David McAllister artwork showing the TARDIS in space.

The Voord also appeared in mid-1987 in the three-part **Doctor Who Magazine** comic strip *The World Shapers* [pictured] in which writer Grant Morrison had the Sixth Doctor return to Marinus, where it was indicated that the Voord would eventually evolve into the Cybermen.



'stalagmites' which Susan uses to cross the chasm; unfortunately, the rope bridge collapsed in studio while Ford was crossing it. The film inserts of the chasm eventually went unused. The block of ice containing the key was switched between scenes. Part of the Icy Tunnel set was rigged to collapse when Ian blocks the Ice Soldiers' path. The travellers 'vanished' from the Wooden Hut set between camera shots, and the 'Next Episode' caption was ran over a shot of the empty display case in the Vault.

The *Sea of Death* was broadcast on Saturday 11 April, the day the *Daily Mail* printed one of the Stenson/Ford photographs alongside a piece entitled *In the Grip of a Voord!*. Hartnell rejoined the team on Monday 13, when rehearsals for *Sentence of Death* (or *The Sentence of Death*, as the scripts were entitled) began. Cort now played Aydan, with Stenson as the Second Judge; former Ice Soldiers Michael Allaby and Alan James became Larn and the First Judge. Playing Kala was Fiona Walker, who had asked Gorrie for a role; Walker later featured on television in *I, Claudius* and *The Norman Conquests*, returning to *Doctor Who* in the 1988 adventure *Silver Nemesis*. Ford was absent from the first day's rehearsals, when she filmed scenes for *The Aztecs* at Ealing Studios.

Pyramid puzzle: Barbara, Ian and the Doctor in *The Sea of Death*. © BBC Video

Sentence of Death was recorded on Friday 17, starting with a new reprise; titles were again superimposed over the empty case. For the scene where Barbara spies on Aydan and Kala in Aydan's living room, a key-hole shaped mask was placed over the camera lens. To indicate that Aydan had been shot, the flaring of lights and camera over-exposure technique was again employed. The 'Next Episode' caption appeared over a shot of Barbara.

Rehearsals for the final episode, *The Keys of Marinus*, started on Monday 20, with taping on Friday 24; Cort and Stenson now reverted to being a Voord, with James this time playing a guard. Against a dark background, the split-screen and inlay effect was again used for the shot of Ian, Barbara and Susan vanishing from the Ante Room, and then for the Doctor's departure. Since being put into storage after the recording of *The Sea of Death*, the Conscience machine prop had been damaged, but could still be set to illuminate in the scene where Yartek inserts the keys. On the Archive Room set, Stenson – unable to see properly through his Voord mask – tripped over the lower part of a door while manhandling Schofield, and on another occasion almost crashed into the scenery. While rehearsing the scene in which the Doctor strikes down Cort's Voord with his cane, Cort had asked if Hartnell could soften the blow – only to find the strength of the impact increased on recording. Flash charges and falling 'debris', plus camera over-exposure, were used to give the impression of the machine exploding. A recording break was scheduled before the last scene, to allow the cast to move to the TARDIS set. The caption 'Next Episode: *The Temple of Evil*' was superimposed over the model shot of the island.

On Saturday 25 April, *The Screaming Jungle* became the first *Doctor Who* episode to be transmitted on BBC1, as the BBC Television service had been renamed. On Tuesday 28, it was indicated that the BBC's Board of Managers were concerned about the show's creepiness; Kenneth Adam, Director of Television, said his three year-old granddaughter had remarked on how the travellers 'always split up so they could get into trouble'. Head of Serials Donald Wilson discussed this with Lambert, informing Sydney Newman on Wednesday 6 May that the best writers for *Doctor Who* were not necessarily the best for character and dialogue.

Early episodes of the serial ran opposite the end of ITV shows including *The Buccaneers* (ATV-London) and *The Bugs Bunny Show* (ABC), the *News* and then *Thank Your Lucky Stars*. Ratings were strong at first, but when the time slot was shifted back to 5.15pm with *Sentence of Death* the programme lost almost two million viewers. The audience appreciation index hovered around the 60% mark, similar to that for *Marco Polo*.

The Keys of Marinus was the most widely-sold *Doctor Who* serial, being marketed by BBC Enterprises as a set of 16mm film recordings. Australia purchased the serial in November 1964 and initially rated it 'A', although this was revised to 'G' after the sequence in which Barbara smashes the brains' jars in *The Velvet Web* was reduced; it was broadcast over June and July 1965. Although BBC records indicated a sale to New Zealand, there is no evidence that the films were ever received. *The Keys of Marinus* was the last of five serials purchased by CBC in Canada, screened over June and July 1965. Others who purchased the serial in 1965 included Hong Kong, Jamaica, Nigeria, Singapore and Zambia, while in 1966 it was sold to Cyprus, the Dominican Republic, Kenya, Thailand, Tunisia, Uganda, Venezuela, Lebanon, Bermuda, Ghana, Mauritius and Rhodesia. Sierra Leone and Mexico (where it aired as *Los Microcircuitors de Marinus*) took the story in 1967; this was followed by sales to the Middle East and Morocco in 1968, to Ethiopia and Saudi Arabia in the early 1970s and finally to Algeria in 1973. By 1974, BBC Enterprises had withdrawn the story from sale.

On Wednesday 17 August 1967, all six 405-line master tapes were cleared for wiping. The BBC Film Library retained a 16mm print of *Sentence of Death*, and in 1977 it was confirmed that BBC Enterprises had retained film recordings of the entire serial. This meant it could be re-marketed, and from 1984 *The Keys of Marinus* was syndicated in North America both episodically and as a 139-minute TV Movie (now collectively entitled *The Keys of Marinus*). BSB transmitted the serial on Saturday 22 September 1990; UK Gold screened it episodically in January 1994, showing it in compilation form for the first time the following month. *The Keys of Marinus* is retained by the BBC as a set of six film recordings, with copies also being held by the National Film and Television Archive. A restored, 'cleaned up' version of the story was issued by BBC Video as a two-tape set in March 1999.

SERIAL E *The Keys of Marinus*

CAST **William Hartnell** *Dr Who** *with* **William Russell** *Ian Chesterton*, **Jacqueline Hill** *Barbara Wright and* **Carole Ann Ford** *Susan Foreman with* **George Coulouris** *Arbitan* [1], **Francis De Wolff** *Vasor* [4], **Donald Pickering** *Eyesen* [5-6], **Henley Thomas** *Tarron* [5-6], **Robin Phillips** *Altos* [2-6] *and introducing* **Katharine Schofield** *Sabetha* [2-6] *with* **Martin Cort** [1,6], **Peter Stenson** [1,6], **Gordon Wales** [1] *Voords*; **Heron Carvic** *Voice of Morpho* [2], **Martin Cort** *Warrior* [3], **Edmund Warwick** *Darrius* [3], **Michael Allaby**, **Alan James**, **Peter Stenson**, **Anthony Verner** *Ice Soldiers* [4]**; **Michael Allaby** *Larn* [5-6], **Raf de la Torre** *Senior Judge* [5], **Alan James** *First Judge* [5], **Peter Stenson** *Second Judge* [5], **Fiona Walker** *Kala* [5-6], **Martin Cort** *Aydan* [5], **Alan James** *Guard* [6], **Stephen Dartnell** *Yartek* [6].

**Credited but does not appear in* The Screaming Jungle *and* The Snows of Terror

***One of these doubles as Aydan in* The Snows of Terror

EXTRAS **John Beerbohm** *Double for Arbitan*; **Faith Hines**, **Daphne Thomas**, **Veronica Thornton**, **Sharon Young**, **Lynda Taylor** *Ladies in Waiting*; **Bob Haddow** *Idol*; **Dougie Dean** *Eprin [corpse]*; **Veronica Thornton**, **Valerie Stanton**, **David Kramer**, **Adrian Drotskie**, **Leslie Shannon**, **Patricia Anne**, **Billy Dean**, **Tony Lampton**, **Brian Bates**, **Monique Lewis**, **Heidi Laine**, **Rosina Stewart**, **Cecilia Johnson**, **Jill Howard**, **Yvonne Howard**, **Tony Hennessey**, **Johnny Crawford**, **Leslie Wilkinson**, **Desmond Cullum Jones**, **Perrin Lewis** *Citizens of Millenius*.

ORIGINAL TRANSMISSION

Episode	Transmitted	Time	Duration	Rating (chart pos)	App index
The Sea of Death	11 April 1964	5.30-5.55pm	23'30"	9.9M (22nd)	62
The Velvet Web	18 April 1964	5.30-5.55pm	25'37"	9.4M (25th)	60
The Screaming Jungle	25 April 1964	5.30-5.55pm	23'45"	9.9M (22nd)	61
The Snows of Terror	2 May 1964	5.30-5.55pm	24'54"	10.4M (20th)	60
Sentence of Death	9 May 1964	5.15-5.40pm	25'03"	7.9M (29th)	61
The Keys of Marinus	16 May 1964	5.15-5.40pm	25'11"	6.9M (43rd)	63

CREDITS *Written by* **Terry Nation**. *Title music by* **Ron Grainer with the BBC Radiophonic Workshop**. *Incidental music composed by* **Norman Kay**. *Costumes Supervised by* **Daphne Dare***. *Make-up supervised by* **Jill Summers***. *Story Editor* **David Whitaker**. *Designer* **Raymond P Cusick**. *Associate Producer* **Mervyn Pinfield**. *Producer* **Verity Lambert**. *Directed by* **John Gorrie**.
**Credited on* The Keys of Marinus *only*

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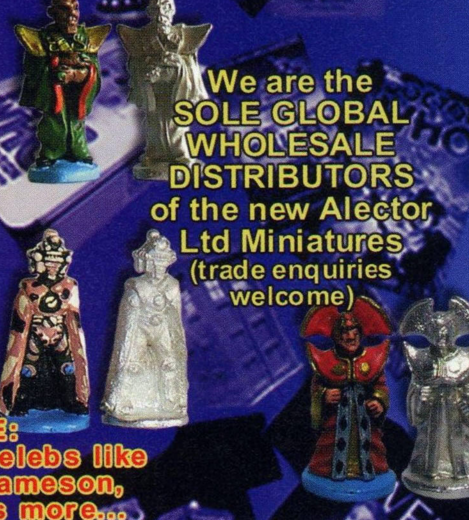

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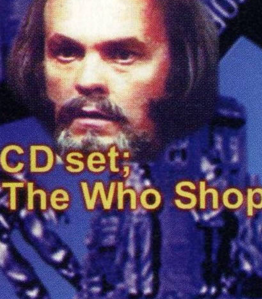

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*Katy Manning - 10th November

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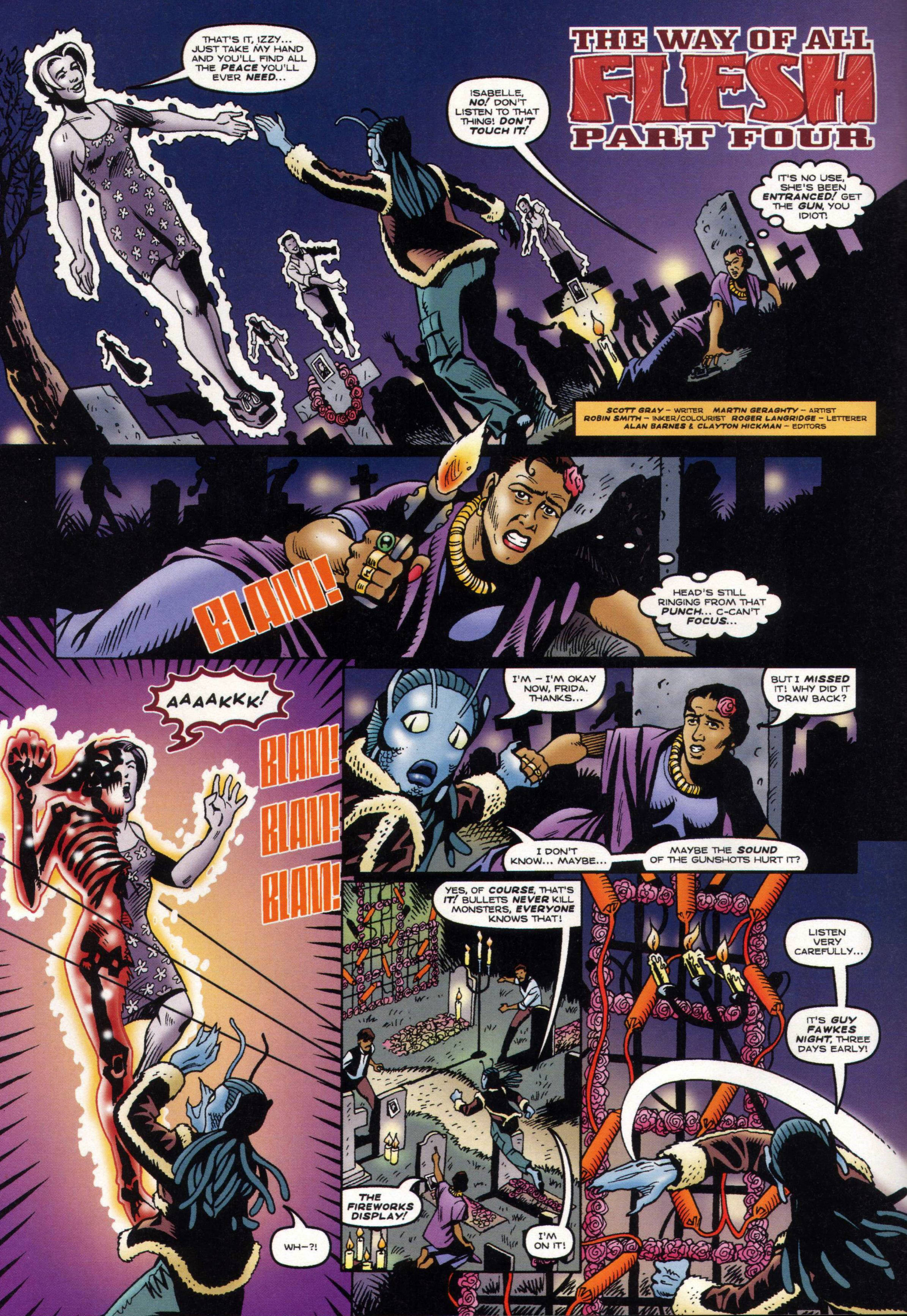
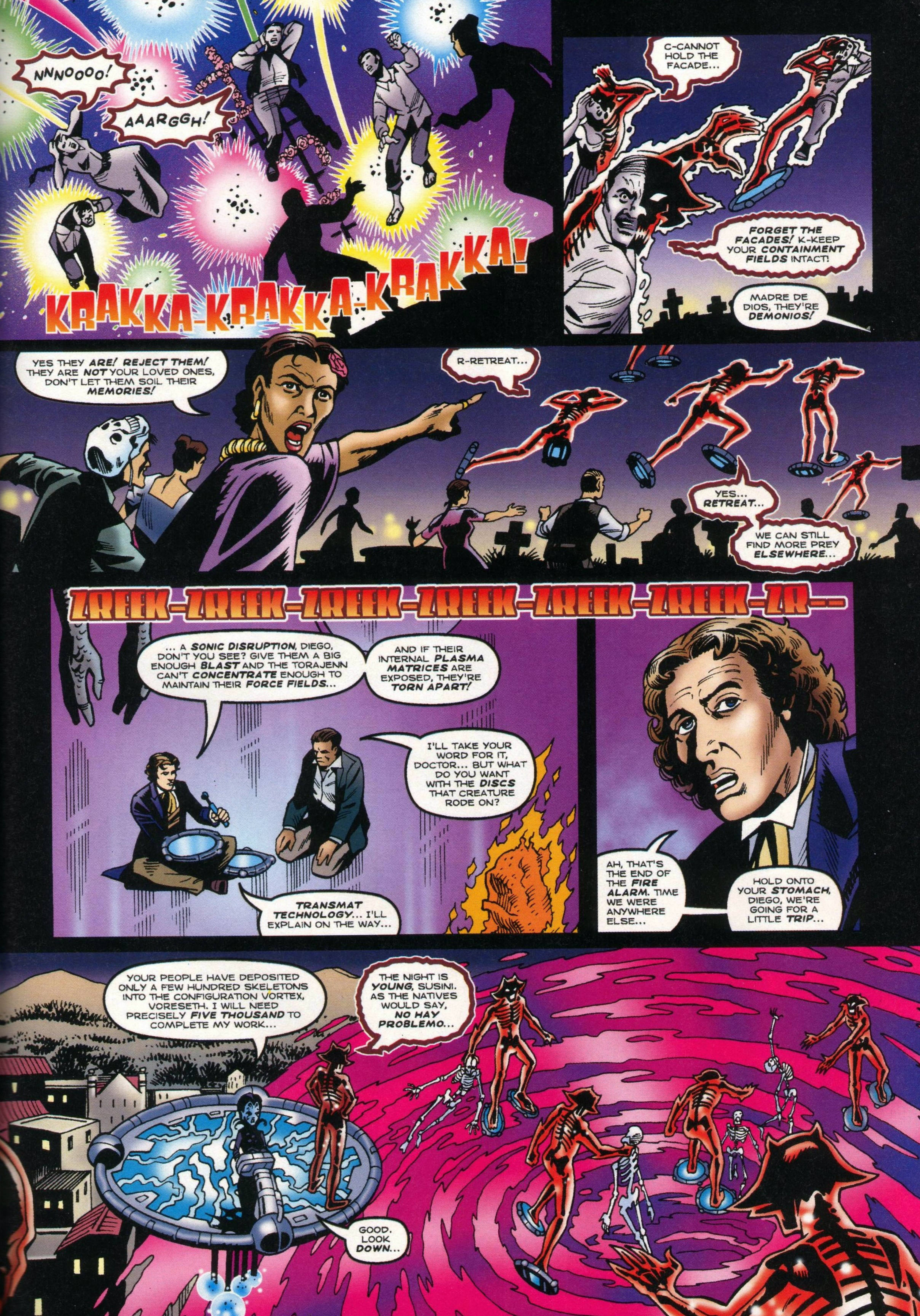
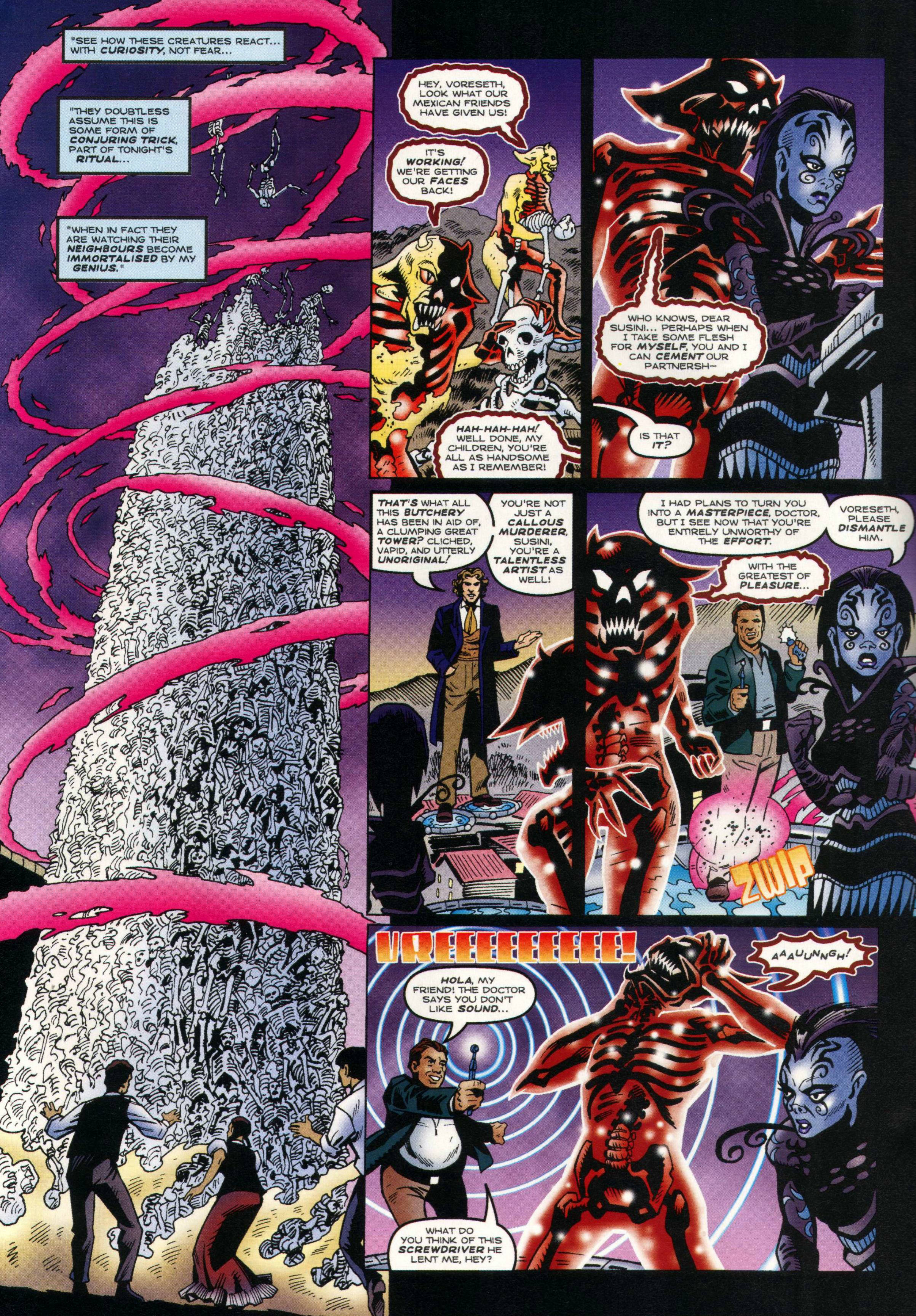
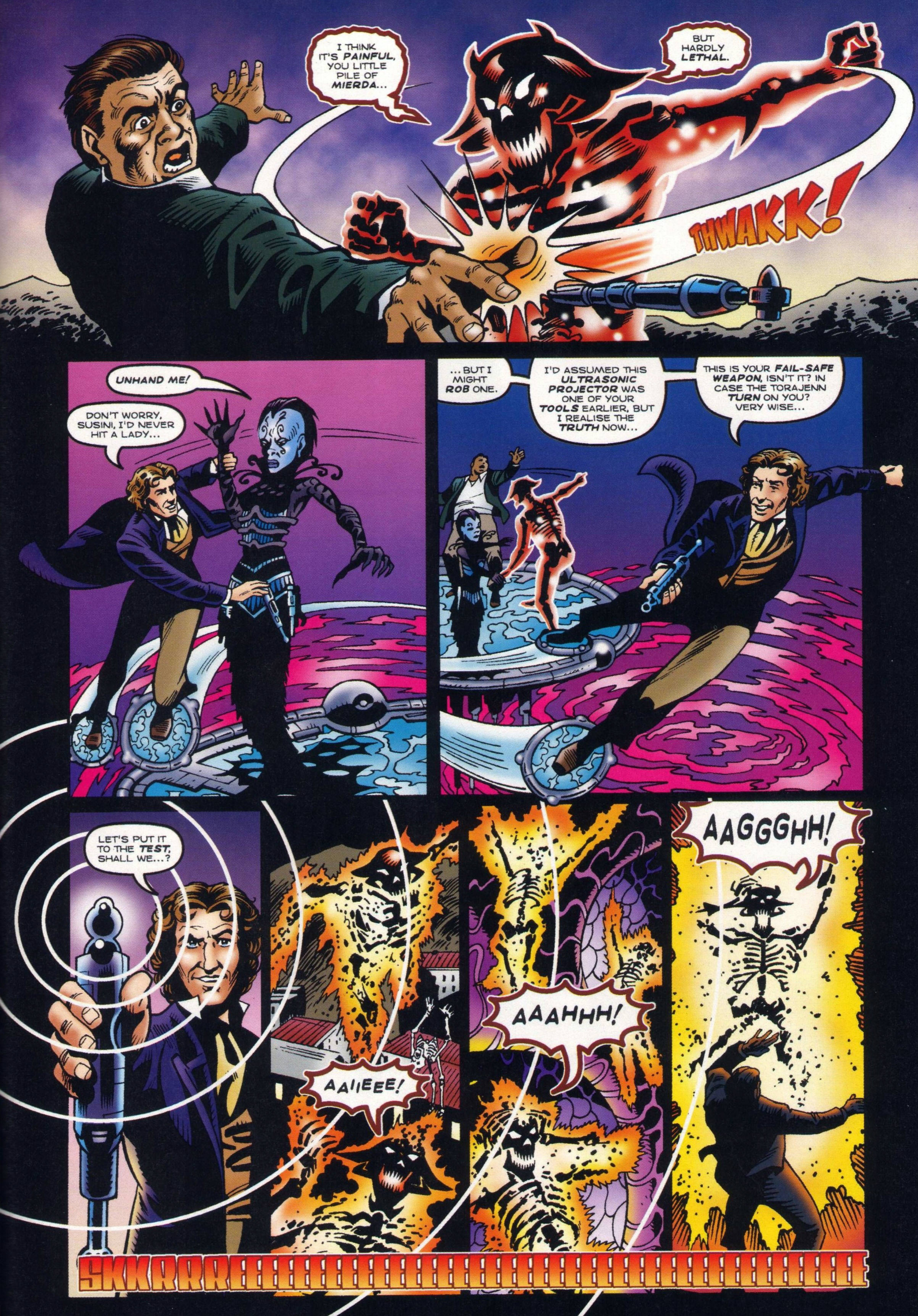
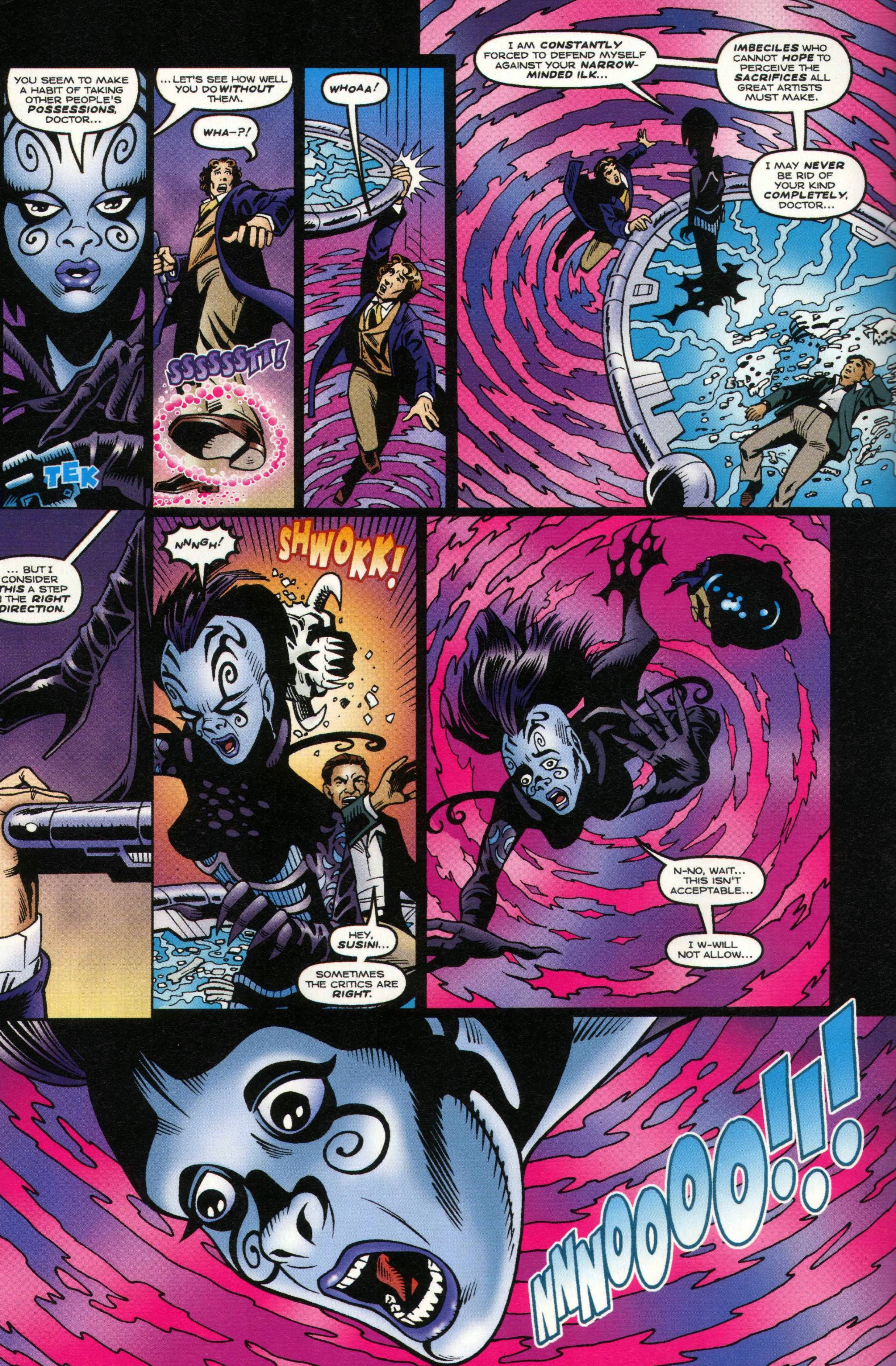
ALAN BARNES & CLAYTON HICKMAN – EDITORS

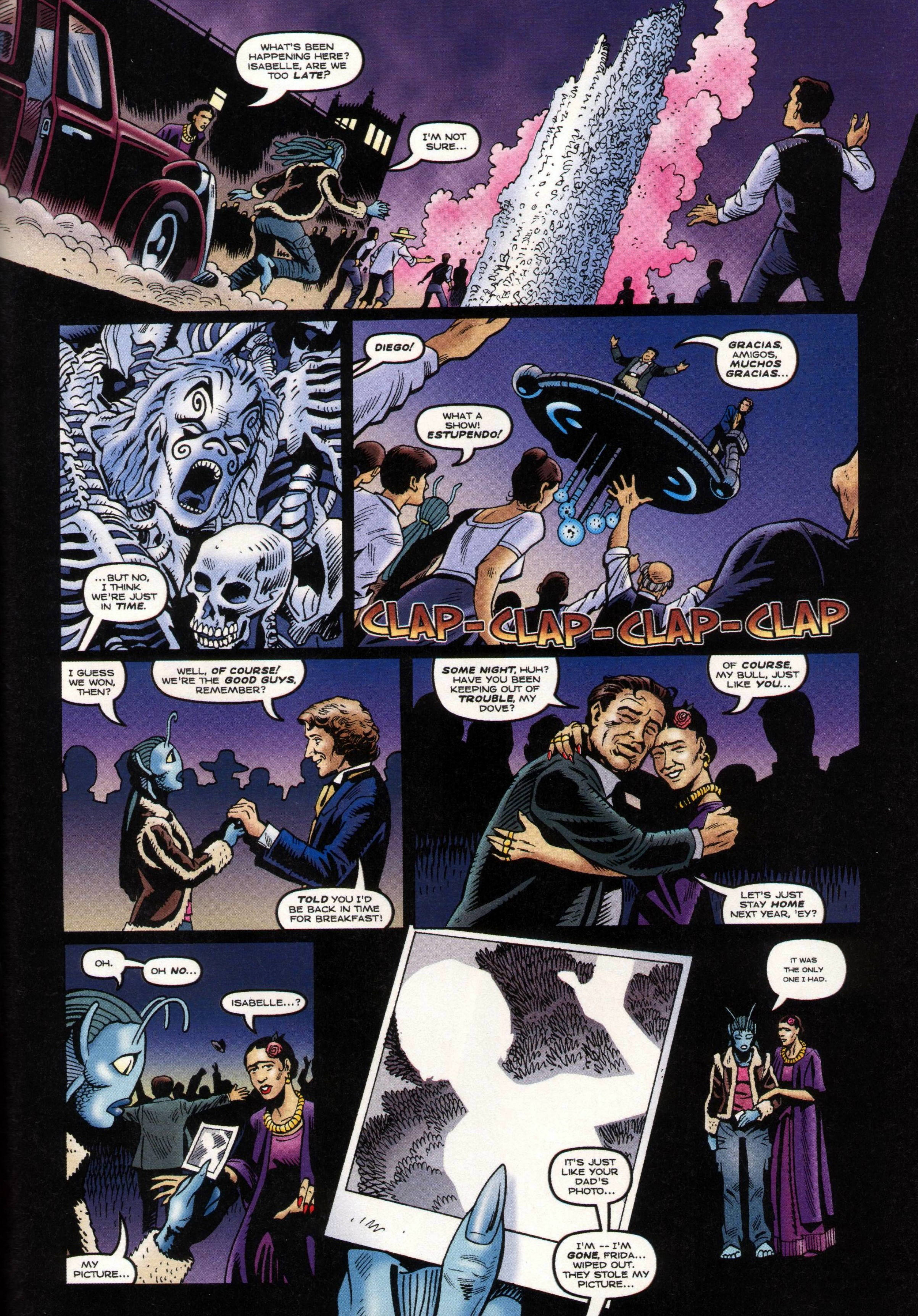

THAT'S IT, IZZY... JUST TAKE MY HAND AND YOU'LL FIND ALL THE PEACE YOU'LL EVER NEED...
ISABELLE, NO! DON'T LISTEN TO THAT THING! DON'T TOUCH IT!
IT'S NO USE, SHE'S BEEN ENTRANCED! GET THE GUN, YOU IDIOT!
BLAM!
HEAD'S STILL RINGING FROM THAT PUNCH... C-CAN'T FOCUS...
AAAAKKK!
BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!
WH–?!
I'M – I'M OKAY NOW, FRIDA. THANKS...
BUT I MISSED IT! WHY DID IT DRAW BACK?
I DON'T KNOW... MAYBE...
MAYBE THE SOUND OF THE GUNSHOTS HURT IT?
YES, OF COURSE, THAT'S IT! BULLETS NEVER KILL MONSTERS, EVERYONE KNOWS THAT!
THE FIREWORKS DISPLAY!
I'M ON IT!
LISTEN VERY CAREFULLY...
IT'S GUY FAWKES NIGHT, THREE DAYS EARLY!

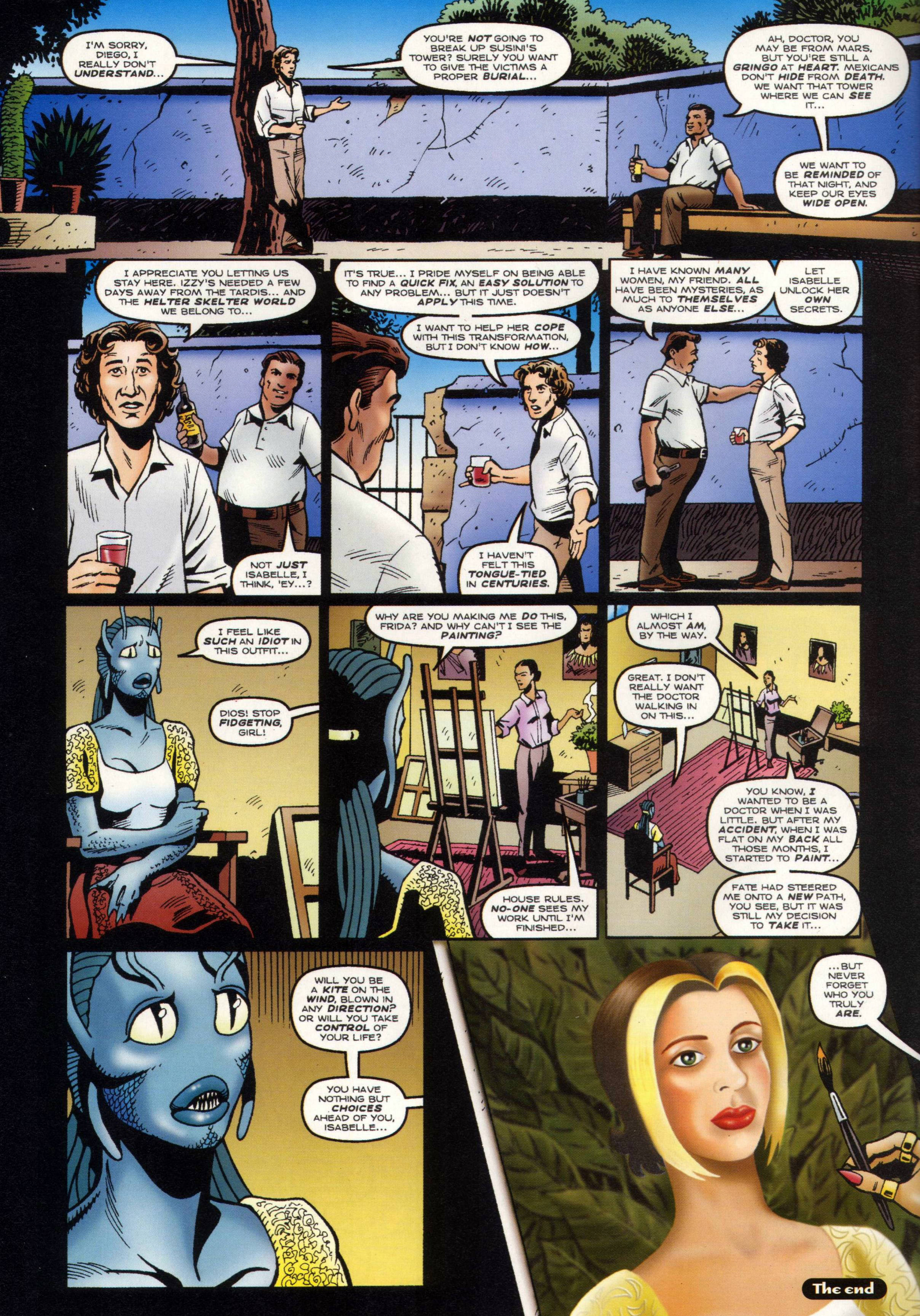

NNNOOOO!
AAARGGH!
KRAKKA-KRAKKA-KRAKKA!
C-CANNOT HOLD THE FACADE...
FORGET THE FACADES! K-KEEP YOUR CONTAINMENT FIELDS INTACT!
MADRE DE DIOS, THEY'RE DEMONIOS!
YES THEY ARE! REJECT THEM! THEY ARE NOT YOUR LOVED ONES, DON'T LET THEM SOIL THEIR MEMORIES!
R-RETREAT...
YES... RETREAT...
WE CAN STILL FIND MORE PREY ELSEWHERE...
ZREEK-ZREEK-ZREEK-ZREEK-ZREEK-ZREEK-ZR--
... A SONIC DISRUPTION, DIEGO, DON'T YOU SEE? GIVE THEM A BIG ENOUGH BLAST AND THE TORAJENN CAN'T CONCENTRATE ENOUGH TO MAINTAIN THEIR FORCE FIELDS...
AND IF THEIR INTERNAL PLASMA MATRICES ARE EXPOSED, THEY'RE TORN APART!
I'LL TAKE YOUR WORD FOR IT, DOCTOR... BUT WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH THE DISCS THAT CREATURE RODE ON?
TRANSMAT TECHNOLOGY... I'LL EXPLAIN ON THE WAY...
AH, THAT'S THE END OF THE FIRE ALARM. TIME WE WERE ANYWHERE ELSE...
HOLD ONTO YOUR STOMACH, DIEGO, WE'RE GOING FOR A LITTLE TRIP...
YOUR PEOPLE HAVE DEPOSITED ONLY A FEW HUNDRED SKELETONS INTO THE CONFIGURATION VORTEX, VORESETH. I WILL NEED PRECISELY FIVE THOUSAND TO COMPLETE MY WORK...
THE NIGHT IS YOUNG, SUSINI. AS THE NATIVES WOULD SAY, NO HAY PROBLEMO...
GOOD. LOOK DOWN...


"SEE HOW THESE CREATURES REACT... WITH *CURIOSITY*, NOT FEAR...
"THEY DOUBTLESS ASSUME THIS IS SOME FORM OF *CONJURING TRICK*, PART OF TONIGHT'S *RITUAL*...
"WHEN IN FACT THEY ARE WATCHING THEIR *NEIGHBOURS* BECOME *IMMORTALISED* BY MY *GENIUS*."
HEY, VORESETH, LOOK WHAT OUR MEXICAN FRIENDS HAVE GIVEN US!
IT'S *WORKING!* WE'RE GETTING OUR *FACES* BACK!
HAH-HAH-HAH! WELL DONE, MY CHILDREN, YOU'RE ALL AS HANDSOME AS I REMEMBER!
WHO KNOWS, DEAR SUSINI... PERHAPS WHEN I TAKE SOME FLESH FOR *MYSELF*, YOU AND I CAN *CEMENT* OUR PARTNERSH–
IS THAT *IT?*
THAT'S WHAT ALL THIS *BUTCHERY* HAS BEEN IN AID OF, A CLUMPING GREAT *TOWER?* CLICHED, VAPID, AND UTTERLY *UNORIGINAL!*
YOU'RE NOT JUST A *CALLOUS MURDERER*, SUSINI, YOU'RE A *TALENTLESS ARTIST* AS WELL!
I HAD PLANS TO TURN YOU INTO A *MASTERPIECE*, DOCTOR, BUT I SEE NOW THAT YOU'RE ENTIRELY UNWORTHY OF THE *EFFORT*.
VORESETH, PLEASE *DISMANTLE* HIM.
WITH THE GREATEST OF *PLEASURE*...
ZWIP
VREEEEEEEEE!
HOLA, MY FRIEND! THE DOCTOR SAYS YOU DON'T LIKE *SOUND*...
AAAUUNNGH!
WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS *SCREWDRIVER* HE LENT ME, HEY?


I THINK IT'S PAINFUL, YOU LITTLE PILE OF MIERDA...
BUT HARDLY LETHAL.
THWAKK!
UNHAND ME!
DON'T WORRY, SUSINI, I'D NEVER HIT A LADY...
...BUT I MIGHT ROB ONE.
I'D ASSUMED THIS ULTRASONIC PROJECTOR WAS ONE OF YOUR TOOLS EARLIER, BUT I REALISE THE TRUTH NOW...
THIS IS YOUR FAIL-SAFE WEAPON, ISN'T IT? IN CASE THE TORAJENN TURN ON YOU? VERY WISE...
LET'S PUT IT TO THE TEST, SHALL WE...?
AAIIEEE!
AAAHHH!
AAGGGHH!
SKKRRREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE


YOU SEEM TO MAKE A HABIT OF TAKING OTHER PEOPLE'S POSSESSIONS, DOCTOR...
TEK
...LET'S SEE HOW WELL YOU DO WITHOUT THEM.
WHA-?!
SSSSSSSTTT!
WHOAA!
I AM CONSTANTLY FORCED TO DEFEND MYSELF AGAINST YOUR NARROW-MINDED ILK...
IMBECILES WHO CANNOT HOPE TO PERCEIVE THE SACRIFICES ALL GREAT ARTISTS MUST MAKE.
I MAY NEVER BE RID OF YOUR KIND COMPLETELY, DOCTOR...
... BUT I CONSIDER THIS A STEP IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION.
NNNGH!
SHWOKK!
HEY, SUSINI...
SOMETIMES THE CRITICS ARE RIGHT.
N-NO, WAIT... THIS ISN'T ACCEPTABLE...
I W-WILL NOT ALLOW...
NNNOOOOO!!!!


WHAT'S BEEN HAPPENING HERE? ISABELLE, ARE WE TOO *LATE?*
I'M NOT SURE...
...BUT NO, I THINK WE'RE JUST IN *TIME.*
DIEGO!
WHAT A SHOW! *ESTUPENDO!*
GRACIAS, AMIGOS, *MUCHOS GRACIAS...*
CLAP-CLAP-CLAP-CLAP
I GUESS WE WON, THEN?
WELL, *OF COURSE!* WE'RE THE *GOOD GUYS,* REMEMBER?
TOLD YOU I'D BE BACK IN TIME FOR BREAKFAST!
SOME NIGHT, HUH? HAVE YOU BEEN KEEPING OUT OF *TROUBLE,* MY DOVE?
OF *COURSE,* MY BULL, JUST LIKE *YOU...*
LET'S JUST STAY *HOME* NEXT YEAR, 'EY?
OH.
OH *NO...*
ISABELLE...?
MY PICTURE...
IT'S JUST LIKE YOUR DAD'S PHOTO...
I'M -- I'M *GONE,* FRIDA... WIPED OUT. THEY STOLE MY PICTURE...
IT WAS THE ONLY ONE I HAD.


I'M SORRY, DIEGO, I REALLY DON'T UNDERSTAND...
YOU'RE NOT GOING TO BREAK UP SUSINI'S TOWER? SURELY YOU WANT TO GIVE THE VICTIMS A PROPER BURIAL...
AH, DOCTOR, YOU MAY BE FROM MARS, BUT YOU'RE STILL A GRINGO AT HEART. MEXICANS DON'T HIDE FROM DEATH. WE WANT THAT TOWER WHERE WE CAN SEE IT...
WE WANT TO BE REMINDED OF THAT NIGHT, AND KEEP OUR EYES WIDE OPEN.
I APPRECIATE YOU LETTING US STAY HERE. IZZY'S NEEDED A FEW DAYS AWAY FROM THE TARDIS... AND THE HELTER SKELTER WORLD WE BELONG TO...
NOT JUST ISABELLE, I THINK, 'EY...?
IT'S TRUE... I PRIDE MYSELF ON BEING ABLE TO FIND A QUICK FIX, AN EASY SOLUTION TO ANY PROBLEM... BUT IT JUST DOESN'T APPLY THIS TIME.
I WANT TO HELP HER COPE WITH THIS TRANSFORMATION, BUT I DON'T KNOW HOW...
I HAVEN'T FELT THIS TONGUE-TIED IN CENTURIES.
I HAVE KNOWN MANY WOMEN, MY FRIEND. ALL HAVE BEEN MYSTERIES, AS MUCH TO THEMSELVES AS ANYONE ELSE...
LET ISABELLE UNLOCK HER OWN SECRETS.
I FEEL LIKE SUCH AN IDIOT IN THIS OUTFIT...
DIOS! STOP FIDGETING, GIRL!
WHY ARE YOU MAKING ME DO THIS, FRIDA? AND WHY CAN'T I SEE THE PAINTING?
HOUSE RULES. NO-ONE SEES MY WORK UNTIL I'M FINISHED...
WHICH I ALMOST AM, BY THE WAY.
GREAT. I DON'T REALLY WANT THE DOCTOR WALKING IN ON THIS...
YOU KNOW, I WANTED TO BE A DOCTOR WHEN I WAS LITTLE. BUT AFTER MY ACCIDENT, WHEN I WAS FLAT ON MY BACK ALL THOSE MONTHS, I STARTED TO PAINT...
FATE HAD STEERED ME ONTO A NEW PATH, YOU SEE, BUT IT WAS STILL MY DECISION TO TAKE IT...
WILL YOU BE A KITE ON THE WIND, BLOWN IN ANY DIRECTION? OR WILL YOU TAKE CONTROL OF YOUR LIFE?
YOU HAVE NOTHING BUT CHOICES AHEAD OF YOU, ISABELLE...
...BUT NEVER FORGET WHO YOU TRULY ARE.
The end

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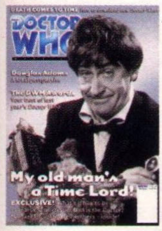
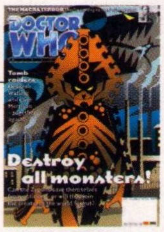
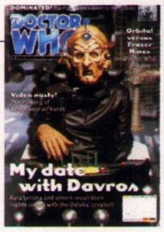


DOCTOR WHO
Cold comfort





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All guests appear subject to work commitments.

Paul McGann – live at last!

Starfury: Regenerations, a two-day convention taking place over the weekend of 1-2 December 2001 at the Novotel, Hammersmith, London, marks the the first-ever convention appearance of Eighth Doctor actor Paul McGann.

In something of a coup for Starfury (better known for their *Babylon 5* and *Xena* conventions), McGann will be appearing on stage for an hour on both days, when he'll be interviewed by Big Finish producer Jason Haigh-Ellery and joined by his audio companion, Charley, alias actress India Fisher. The organisers are currently in negotiations with other Eighth Doctor-related guests, and hope to announce further attendees soon.

McGann will not be signing autographs at the event, but will pre-sign a quantity of photographs which will be made available during the convention. Tickets are priced at £60 for the weekend/£35 for one day, and are expected to sell out fast. Credit card bookings: 07930 319 119. Further details by SAE to: 148a Queensway, Bayswater, London W2 6LY. Website: *www.regenerations.co.uk*

As ever, please note that this event is not associated with **DWM**/Panini Publishing Ltd.

BBC Video enters the Underworld

Making its debut on BBC Video in March 2002 is 1977's four-part CSO extravaganza *Underworld*, in which the Fourth Doctor, Leela and K9 join the deathless Minyans' Quest for the Oracle.

More new books

Two new additions to BBC Books' 2002 'past Doctors' publishing schedule: September's *Heritage*, by newcomer Paul Dale Smith, sees the Seventh Doctor and Ace seeking out the fate of a friend on a Western-style colony world; and October's *Fear of the Dark*, by Trevor Baxendale, is a full-on horror tale in which the Fifth Doctor, Nyssa and Tegan land on an alien asteroid.

DWM 311 – a Masterpiece!

Heh-heh-heh! Next issue, to mark the release of BBC Video's *Master Tin*, we've a host of features celebrating Doctor Who's bearded nemesis, including: an in-depth profile of original Master Roger Delgado; *The Keeper of Traken*'s Geoffrey Beevers interviewed; Lance Parkin on the many faces of the Master; *Terror of the Autons* in the *Archive*; and a special Master solo strip from Scott Gray and Adrian Salmon! Plus loads more, all on sale 15 November from WH Smith and all good newsagents. You'd be an unimaginative plodder to miss it!

2002 AUDIOS ROVING REPORTER GETS HER OWN SERIES ● CYBERMEN AND DALEKS RETURN

Sarah Jane goes solo!

Sarah Jane Smith: fugitive? © BBC VIDEO

Ever-popular 1970s companion Sarah Jane Smith, as played by Elisabeth Sladen, will return in a series of five brand-new audio adventures for release next year. But, warn producers Big Finish, makers of the *Doctor Who* and *Dalek Empire* audios, if you are expecting something in the mould of 1981's Sarah Jane-starring TV pilot *K9 and Company*, you'd better think again ...

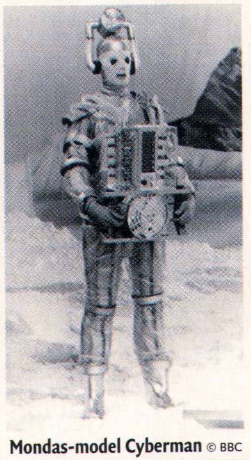
Big Finish executive producer Jason Haigh-Ellery explains: "Right from Day One, we've had numerous requests to bring Sarah – but we wanted to use her in her own right, rather than just put her in one *Doctor Who* story opposite an unfamiliar Doctor. We're all fans of both the character and of Elisabeth Sladen, and it's going to be a lot of fun satisfying people's demands to revisit Sarah."

Sladen came to Big Finish with a very definite idea about where she thought former investigative journalist Sarah would be in today's world – and, rather than simply using the character as a Doctor substitute in *Doctor Who*-style adventures, she and producer Gary Russell have developed a series background intended to focus much more on Sarah as a human being who, having seen the universe, is trying to come to terms with being confined to just one planet in one time zone. Russell elaborates: "Although we're only at the earliest planning stages and nothing is signed and sealed yet, I think it's safe to say that we intend for this to be slightly more earthy, more gritty and character-led than you might expect. Lis has very definite ideas about Sarah what she would do in a given situation – and, more importantly, what she wouldn't ...

"This is a chance for Big Finish to re-establish this extraordinarily popular character as a major player in the *Who* universe, bereft of any of the trappings and advantages she had in her former life alongside UNIT's scientific adviser – so there's no K9, no access to the Establishment and no friends in high places she can call upon for help. And she'll need help, because in the course of her work she'll have uncovered some unpleasant truths about today's world – and someone out there wants her kept quiet. We want to focus on Sarah using her wits and her strengths rather than science or technology to get her out of trouble. Of course, those getting her into trouble in the first place may have no end of technological resources at their command ..."

The five plays are due to be recorded early in 2002 for a staggered release later in the year. No writers for the series have so far been confirmed, although both Russell and Sladen are keen to involve some familiar names who haven't so far worked for Big Finish.

At home with the Cybermen!



Mondas-model Cyberman © BBC

Also in 2002, the Cybermen return in *Spare Parts*, the first Big Finish audio adventure to be released in the wake of next year's Paul McGann-starring 'Season 28'. Written by *Loups-Garoux* scripter Marc Platt, previously responsible for the TV story *Ghost Light* and the much-admired *New Adventures* novels *Cat's Cradle: Time's Crucible* and *Lungbarrow*, *Spare Parts* is a Fifth Doctor and Nyssa tale set on the Cybermen's original homeworld, Mondas. Out in July, this unusual look at the Cybermen hopes to move away from the 'smash-and-bash' philosophy of many of the later Cyber-stories, focusing instead on what makes them tick.

Following the previously-announced August and September releases, the Sixth Doctor's *... ish* and the Seventh's *The Priory*, October sees the Fifth Doctor, Peri and their new companion Erimem (as introduced in *The Eye of the Scorpion* just recently, and played by Caroline Morris) journey into space in *Nekromanteia*, a four-parter by former **DWM** correspondent Austen Atkinson, a story editor on Channel 5's *Family Affairs* and Sky One's *Dream Team*.

November's slot is taken by Simon A Forward, who makes his BBC Books debut in February with the Fourth Doctor novel *Drift*. Provisionally titled *The Sandman*, Forward's play puts the Sixth Doctor and Evelyn aboard a flotilla of starships which has been slowly moving throughout the galaxy for many generations, trying to avoid the legendary 'Sandman', who steals people away in the night ...

Dalek Empire – the nightmare continues!

Following on from the success of this year's four-part mini-series *Dalek Empire*, featuring everyone's favourite 'outer space robot people' in their own Doctor-less CDs, Big Finish has also announced that sometime next year will see the release of a second run, currently referred to with typically Skarosian logic as *Dalek Empire II*. Once again, Nicholas Briggs will both write and direct the adventures. Says Briggs: "After the shattering climax to the first series, a whole new threat to the galaxy arises! Will the Dalek Empire fall, or will it transform into something even more terrifying? In short, there's a lot more story to tell ..."

Win the Keystone Kops!

BBC RADIO COLLECTION
DOCTOR WHO

Christmas, eh? Comes earlier every year, etc. Anyway ... the BBC Radio Collection's contribution to seasonal cheer is a five-CD boxed set, *The Daleks' Master Plan* – 13 episodes' worth of 1960s madness, including the unforgettable Yuletide yomp *The Feast of Steven*. It's out now, it'll cost you £29.99 in the shops – but one of five copies can be yours for absolutely zilch, nada, nuffink if you can answer this simple competition question ...

Which of these is not a 1960s companion?

Is it: [a] Katarina; [b] Sara Kingdom; or [c] Steinberger P Green?

Answers on a postcard or stuck-down envelope marked A GENTLEMAN TO BOOT to the editorial address at the foot of page 3 by 14 November, please.

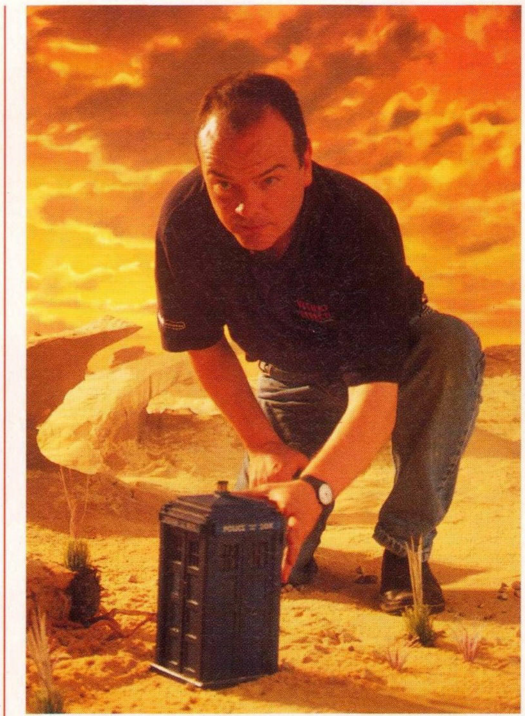
BBC ONLINE'S TARDIS WEBCAM MATERIALISES FROM 23 NOVEMBER

Bigger on the outside?

In the wake of *Death Comes to Time*, BBC Online is to launch an exciting new feature that will allow surfers to follow the TARDIS through time and space, visiting destinations never seen on television.

From 23 November, *Doctor Who*'s 38th anniversary, a regularly-changing perpetual feed of pictures and video of the TARDIS will be 'webcast' via the show's official site 24 hours a day, seven days a week – in true *Big Brother* style! Alongside classic footage from the television series, the 'TARDIScam' will showcase six all-new scenarios – four live-action, two CGI – specially prepared by the BBC's Visual Effects department. Recording, on both videotape and 16mm film, took place in West London in mid-September.

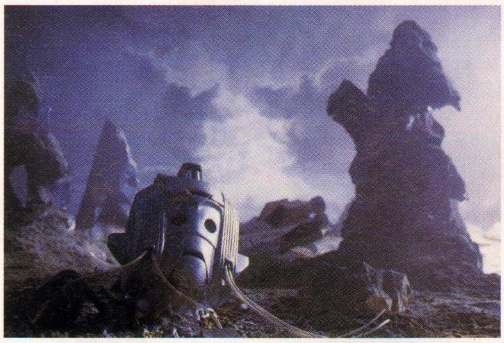
Visual effects overseer Mike Tucker explains: "The project was first suggested to me by James Goss at BBC Online in August last year. It has taken that long to get the money sorted out, but everyone is now working very hard to ensure that the *Doctor Who* section of the Cult site provides a wealth of original material." How does it feel to make proper *Doctor Who* again – well, almost? "Great! I only ever worked on *Doctor Who* during the 1980s as an assistant," he asserts, "so I was always working to somebody else's vision, but TARDIScam has let me design from scratch. I'm very lucky to have such an experienced miniature effects team – and Nick Sainton-Clark is a very clever CG animator.

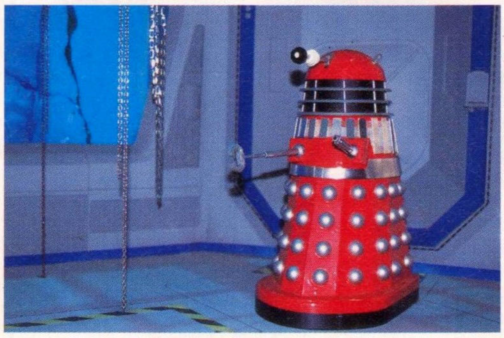


"TARDIScam has finally allowed us to show what we could have done on *Doctor Who* if we'd had the opportunity," says Mike. "It was sad that the series was cancelled when it was, because this is the sort of stuff that we'd love to have done. I'm thrilled with all of our planetary and deep space scenarios – my personal favourite is the moonscape, largely due to Pete Tyler's lighting. James has already indicated that, if this lot go down well, he would like us to do some more." Mike chuckles, before revealing that: "We're already thinking about a volcanic planet! Or maybe something prehistoric ... ?"

TARDIScam will be available in Real Media format via *www.bbc.co.uk/doctorwho*. The required Real Player software can be downloaded free from *www.real.com*.

BENJAMIN COOK





Recording TARDIScam scenes between 11 and 15 September. Clockwise from top: Mike Tucker sets up a TARDIS in the 'alien desert'; Nick Kool, Tucker and cameraman Pete Tyler ready the 'underwater' sequence; a Dalek, also in the 'underwater' sequence; a view of the moonscape, with crashed Cyber-ship and abandoned Cyber-head; and Tyler, with gaffer Alan 'Spike' Graham, shoot the moonscape. ALL PHOTOS © BENJAMIN COOK

Outside the Spaceship

compiled by Dominic May

Tom Baker (Deceased again?)

Tom Baker's website reports that following his continuing appearances as Professor Wyvern in the second series of *Randall & Hopkirk (Deceased)*, currently airing on BBC1, he is optimistic that further instalments will be made during 2002.

Companions up Creek

Mary Tamm will play film star 'Vivien Brody' in BBC1's two-hour *Jonathan Creek* Christmas special, *Satan's Chimney*. Produced by **Verity Lambert**, this episode sees *Curse of Fatal Death* companion **Julia Sawalha** [pictured] temporarily replacing Caroline Quentin as Alan Davies' co-star. A fourth full series enters production next year – and although Quentin will return, it is possible that Sawalha's character 'Carla Borrego' will also be retained. Lambert recently expressed her concerns about the state of British TV in an interview with *Broadcast*: "In drama and comedy there is very little innovation and a great deal of copycat programming of the worst possible kind. What's happening now in drama is pretty depressing. You see the same writers and the same faces and usually the same things – they've just been given different names ..." Her recent series *The Cazalets* failed to be re-commissioned by the BBC.

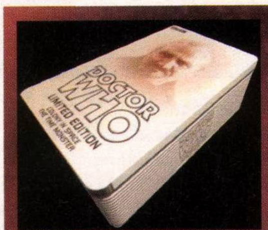
Douglas on DVD

Sadly, it seems as though the late **Douglas Adams** only completed eight pages' worth of his sixth *Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy* novel, *The Salmon of Doubt* – a whole nine years after missing his original deadline! A PC CD-Rom version of the *Hitchhiker's Guide* is to be released in the first quarter of 2002, while a extras-packed, two-disc set containing the 1981 BBC TV version of *Hitchhiker's* will be issued as a BBC Worldwide DVD on 14 January.

Kate's Rani regime

Want to look as good as **Kate O'Mara** at 61? Get up by 5.00am, watch the dawn, don't smoke or drink, rub on a natural fruit acid, take HRT, omit breakfast, eat Quorn, salads and avocado – and become a successful theatre actress and director. O'Mara will play the Wicked Queen in *Snow White* at the Yvonne Arnaud Theatre, Guildford over Christmas.

Other *Doctor Who* performers treading the boards during the festive season include Jamie actor **Frazer Hines**, who will be playing Simple Simon in *Jack in the Beanstalk* at the Rickmansworth Watersmeet Theatre, and Mel actress **Bonnie Langford** – who, in between developing a new musical called *Yee Haw*, will be in *Aladdin* at Eastbourne.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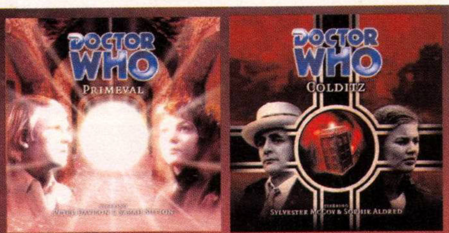
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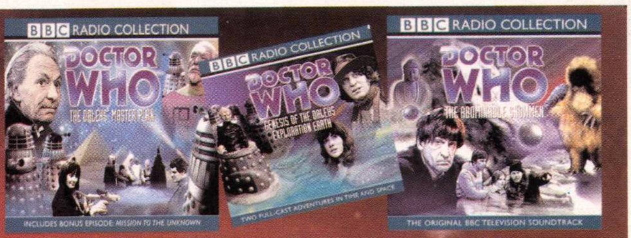
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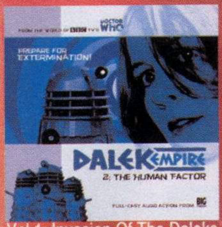
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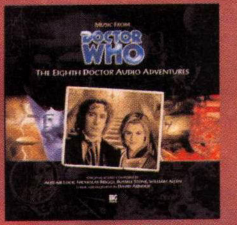
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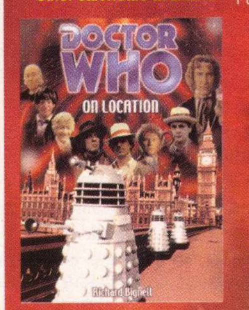
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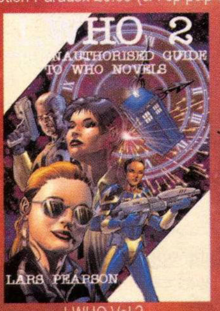
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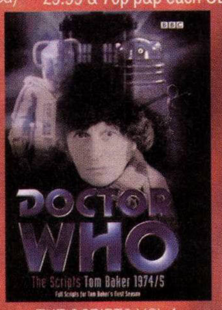
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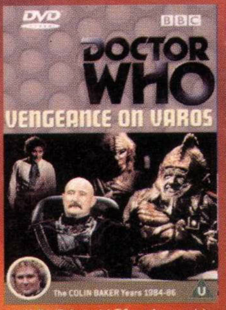
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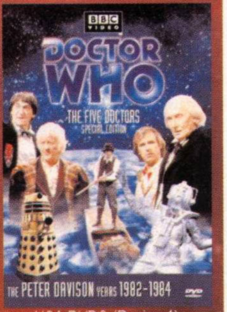
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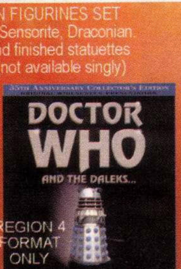
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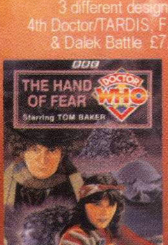
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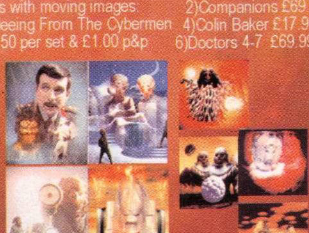

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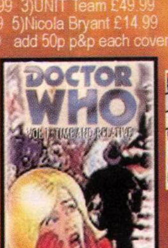
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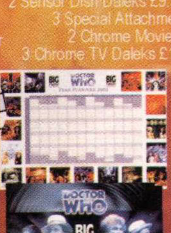
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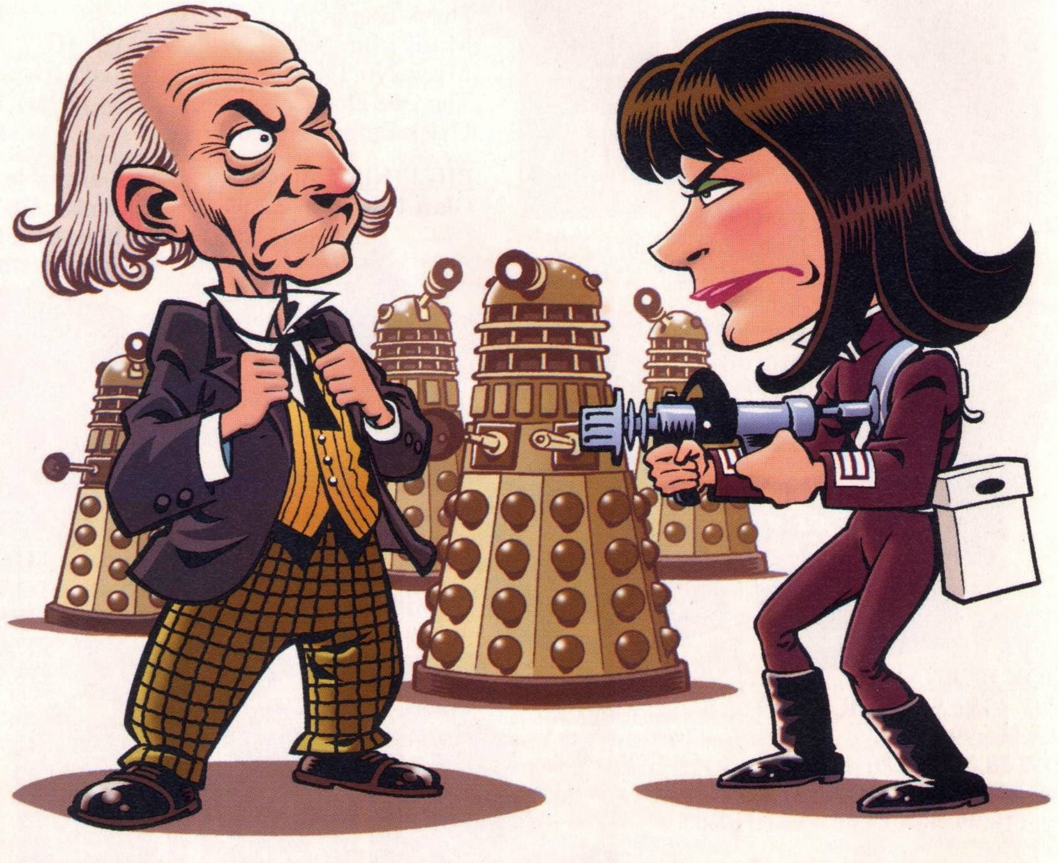

ILLUSTRATION BY ROGER LANGRIDGE

How many episodes does it take to tell a Dalek story? In 1965, it was 13, including *Mission to the Unknown* – six to tell it, and another seven to keep the ratings up. *The Daleks' Master Plan* has a reputation for being [a] long, and [b] something of a cash-in on the creatures' mid-1960s popularity. But it has another reputation, [c] – as an out-and-out classic.

Back with us as a five-disc CD set, *Master Plan*'s length and placing in the series' history have never made it seem like a particularly promising proposition. After a doomy first sequel, *The Dalek Invasion of Earth*, the tin tyrants' next story, *The Chase*, saw writer Terry Nation dump the war metaphors of his earlier work in favour of a game of cat-and-mouse. On the surface, *Master Plan* comes across like *The Chase II* – a flight across time and space, the Doctor having stolen the Daleks' vital Taranium Core. Actually, it seems worse – it's twice as long, and this time has a Christmas episode that slips into deliberate spoof. *The Chase* only toyed with the idea of playing it for laughs; *Master Plan* brings in the Keystone Cops. A synopsis of the story makes it seem like nothing more than popcorn *Flash Gordon* – a flimsy plot about a super-weapon pepped up by ever more fantastic locations ... not to mention Kevin Stoney, as Mavic Chen, giving us his Ming the Merciless. It should be awful – but somehow, it isn't.

Master Plan stands apart from the increasingly sophisticated plots and styling of *Doctor Who*'s third season, choosing to run headlong in the opposite direction, firing off ray-guns and storming spaceships; this was a story played out in the nation's schoolyards long before it hit the screen. Its aim is not to be clever, deep or post-modern (not outside *The Feast of Steven*, anyway), but to tell a tall tale as excitingly as possible. Like Flash's exploits from the Saturday film serials of the 1930s, *Master Plan*'s space-age trappings are merely a front for old-fashioned adventure. Likewise, although its characters are supposedly of the future, they're not far-out high-brains but action heroes, souped up to resemble the coolest figures of the 1960s: Bret Vyon, played by a pre-Brigadier Nicholas Courtney, is 007; Sara Kingdom, a cat-suited Jean Marsh, is an *Avengers* babe.

Master Plan is batting for the mainstream – fast-moving, free of technobabble and so utterly populist, you feel guilty for enjoying it. If you want 'issues', then no, *Master Plan* doesn't give you much to chew over. But if you want an uncomplicated, hissable villain (Chen), horror and nasty deaths (Katarina's and Sara's) plus comic relief (the return of the Monk), then you're made.

On CD, Peter Purves' narration buys into the story's scale, making mention of star-filled skies, distant horizons and huge city walls. You can only applaud Purves for re-living the whole thing with such spirit. It's a questionable pleasure to hear his Morton Dill tones make a comeback during the Hollywood section – but he lends an obviously very visual last episode a great sense of occasion.

The real surprise about *Master Plan* is not how unfocused and stretched it is, but how gripping it can be. It's no secret that most of *Doctor Who*'s six-parters don't go the distance, but only a handful of *Master Plan* moments are dull. Given its almost universal slagging-off, I'd love to strike a different note on *The Feast of Steven*, but while the 'police station' half is a lot of fun, the Hollywood section is very tiring. And maybe it's just familiarity (or Sod's Law), but the story's two surviving filmed instalments – *Counter Plot* and *Escape Switch* – seem like the least adventurous of the lot. But the odd duff idea and slow segment are offset by a truly magnificent cast. The real triumph of the Hartnell era is the clear commitment of everyone concerned, and it's the belief of players such as Purves and Hartnell that makes many of the stories so real, that lifts weaker scripts to a higher level. In itself, *Master Plan*'s story is no great shakes – once the Doctor wins the Taranium Core, the situation remains largely on pause until the end – and yet the acting is so charged, each new danger being rattled through with such gusto, you're easily persuaded to forget the plot's deficiencies. Naturally, an audio-only recording reduces the impact of the original director's work; however well we assume Douglas Camfield lensed this story, his vision is lost to us. His energy, however, is captured in every one of *Master Plan*'s rousing performances.

The Daleks' Master Plan is *Doctor Who* at its absolute escapist best. Alongside the novels and CD adventures produced today, it may seem childish, old-fashioned and melodramatic; ludicrously-named aliens and planets, kitsch titles and phrases such as 'Ultra Space' and 'Guardian of the Solar System' all combine to give it a comic-book feel. But both co-writer Dennis Spooner's instinct for comedy and Nation's increasingly fanciful ideas are tempered by Camfield's aim to play the majority of the story as heroically as possible. On CD, lost stories are sometimes disappointing. *The Daleks' Master Plan*, however, need not fear for its reputation. Reputation [c], that is. Vanessa Bishop

Master Plan's space-age trappings are merely a front for old-fashioned adventure

WARNING! Spoilers ahead

*It's **Doctor Who Magazine**'s policy to review new Doctor Who adventures as fully as possible, from beginning to end – so if you've not yet read or listened to the books and audios under discussion in this issue, and you don't want their plots to be given away, stop reading now!*

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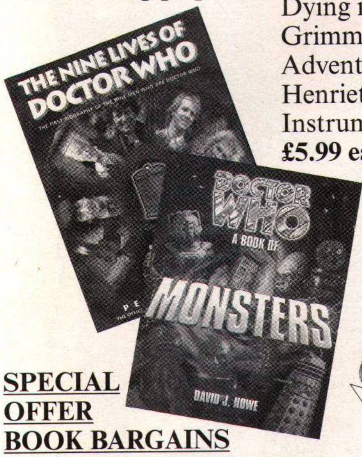

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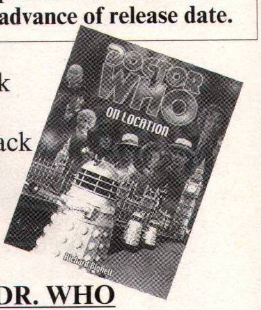

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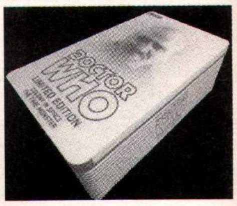

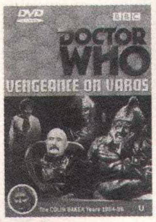

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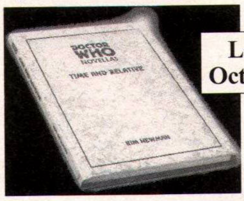

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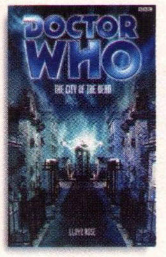
THE EIGHTH DOCTOR NOVELS GET CLOSE TO THE EDGE

DOCTOR WHO:
THE CITY OF THE DEAD

NOVEL BBC Books
AUTHOR Lloyd Rose
RRP £5.99
ISBN 0 563 53839 2



Lately, it has been an increasingly rare thrill to see an unfamiliar name on the cover of a *Doctor Who* novel. With an established author, you usually have a pretty good idea of what you're going to get. A new name brings the (often empty) promise of a new take on the franchise. Fortunately, Lloyd Rose delivers on that promise, giving us a brooding morality play that proves the highlight of BBC Books' year so far.

The City of the Dead would probably be classified as a 'dark fantasy' by people who care for labels. Set in New Orleans, the capital of Anne Rice country, the book's one side-step is a brief trip to Stephen King territory of New England for a spot of midnight grave-robbing. With its hints of *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre* and HP Lovecraft, an oppressive, deathly air hangs over the book.

15 years after New Orleans was first mooted as a destination for the TARDIS, Rose does what even Robert Holmes couldn't. However, rather than being a pretty travelogue (as one suspects a New Orleans-based *Two Doctors* would have been), Rose shows a deeper fascination for the place. She evokes a genuinely vivid picture of a moribund city living on the verge of watery destruction, corruption and decay creeping through it, haunted by the ghosts of the past – qualities which are reflected in many of its morbid inhabitants. The villains are obsessed by the occult; their belief in power, destruction and death is diametrically opposed to the Doctor's endless battle for life. Yet they sense in the Doctor a kindred spirit, forcing him to take a long, hard look at his own motives and actions.

Although Anji and Fitz are well-treated, this is very much the Doctor's novel. His recurring nightmare of being swallowed up by a black void becomes increasingly lurid as the novel progresses, creating a sense of impending horror. Questions of original or inherited sin, forgiveness and salvation that trouble the Doctor are linked to the gradual return of his memory – a pepperpot recalls the image of a Dalek, and a skull mask has unpleasant connotations – and his fear of what he might remember. This is an Eighth Doctor more than usually disturbed by how others see him, and the implications of his actions – so much so that at times he seems closer to his angst-consumed Seventh incarnation, an impression reinforced by a brief but memorable cameo from his predecessor.

An oppressive, HP Lovecraft air hangs over the book

It seems fitting that the book should be dedicated to Kate Orman, since it has so much in common with Orman's early work: the questions of morality (or lack of it) which haunt the Doctor's psyche, the nightmarish dreamscapes he inhabits and the Ormaniacal tortures inflicted on him by the villains. All it lacks is a good dose of bleeding eyes. However, to characterise Rose as an Orman clone would be unfair, because Orman has never written a book that feels as big as this. Rose's prose has a quality that seems limited to American writers: the ability to create a sense of hugeness rarely hinted at in the cosier work of English (and Australian) authors. This is a book that isn't confined to just a few sets. You can't see the join in the monster's costume. This is dangerous. This is real.

The City of the Dead is not without its flaws, however. Occasionally the book feels jagged, as though the author is having trouble smoothly linking two events. The ending, although well-foreshadowed, remains, perhaps deliberately, puzzling – Rust being consumed by the dark energy he has summoned for his spells while the Doctor is freed from the shadow that has been stalking him. As a whole, though, the novel works exceedingly well as a study of the Doctor's tortured soul, and the sense that the amnesia he suffers from is more self-inflicted than real – a way for him to blot out the horrors of his past.

It seems slightly ironic that a novel which shows such nostalgia for Virgin's *New Adventures* should be published at a point in time when the BBC Books, if not exceeding their esteemed predecessors, are at least coming close to matching their quality. Matt Michael

Knowing

CHRIS BOUCHER'S LATEST: IT'S A *SCREAM*!

DOCTOR WHO:
PSI-ENCE FICTION

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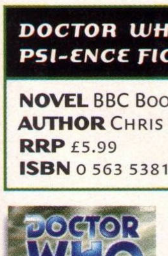


Three BBC novels in, and Chris Boucher is still sticking with the same Doctor, companion and themes he tackled in his TV *Doctor Whos*. *Last Man Running* recalled the jungle setting and two-tiered caste system of *The Face of Evil*, and *Corpse Marker* sequelled *The Robots of Death* – so it's no great surprise that *Psi-ence Fiction*, like *Image of the Fendahl*, involves psychic experimentation.

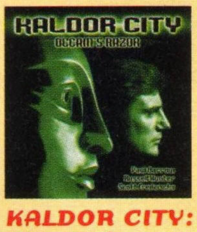
Boucher's caution can seem offputting. After two average reads, you're wary he might be writing on automatic. Luckily, *Psi-ence Fiction* turns the tide. Boucher is still very much the scriptwriter; his prose is plain and he's not big on description – it's more by accident than design that we discover if a character is blond, bald, fat or thin. Dialogue rules Boucher's storytelling, particularly when enlivened with Fourth Doctor flourishes. Set in the present day, in and around the University of East Wessex, *Psi-ence Fiction* sees students getting mixed up with time distortion and the paranormal. Both the undergraduate cast and a reliance on supernatural and horror clichés shadow tiresome, tongue-in-cheek films like *Scream* and *I Know What You Did Last Summer*; ouija boards, graveyards and cowled figures are now such overused symbols of the horror genre that send-up seems the only way of bypassing the audience's boredom. However, while *Psi-ence Fiction* is knowing, it is not mocking. It plays each hoary old situation straight, managing to squeeze some post-ironic freshness out of them.

Clearly, Boucher has found playing at being Stephen King a lot of fun. Too much fun, perhaps, to notice that things aren't really going anywhere. The book's a bit like a ghost train; you hop on, get sent round to face a succession of scares and ghouls, only to burst back out into the light in exactly the same place as you went in. Progression is slow, the same questions coming round again and again, characters in the book's last quarter still getting hysterical about the same ghostly demons they did at the start. Ironically, what *Psi-ence Fiction* could do with are a few *more* spooky clichés to stop those it already has from doubling up and making the book feel padded. ➤

Clearly, Boucher's found playing at being Stephen King a lot of fun

Also released

BY VANESSA BISHOP



KALDOR CITY: OCCAM'S RAZOR

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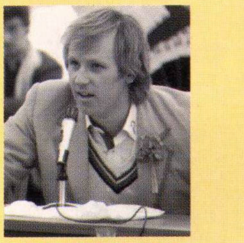
Kaldor City is a new series of audio stories set in the same universe as Chris Boucher's *The Robots of Death* and his *Doctor Who/Blake's 7* crossover novel, *Corpse Marker*. On the surface, it looks as if *The Robots of Death* wins the play-off. After all, the 1977 Tom Baker tale donates Russell Hunter's Uvanov, a rounded robo-centric society and the velvet-voiced Vocs themselves; *Blakes 7*, on the other hand, hands on just a single, one-off character – psychostrategist Carnell, again played by Scott Fredericks.

In fact, the reverse is true. Like early *Blake's 7*, *Kaldor City* is ultra-violent and hard-nosed. Despite the robot mask looming large on the CD cover, they hardly feature. Instead, Alan Stevens and Jim Smith's episode, *Occam's Razor*, is dominated by the sleeve's other profile, Paul Darrow, as robot programmer Kaston Iago.

Darrow is, quite fabulously, the worst and best thing about *Kaldor City*. As with his most famous creation, Kerr Avon, his performance starts from the crotch and radiates outwards. His smouldering cruelty is so arch and hammy, it should draw hoots of derision and an immediate suspension from Equity – yet Darrow's disregard for subtlety and restraint always engenders a strange admiration. Others act, Darrow ... Darrows. I'm tempted to say he gets all the best lines, but I fear they're just normal ones delivered to sound extraordinary.

Darrow, Hunter and Fredericks are supported by a reliable repertory company of BBC SF players, including Peter Miles, Brian Croucher, Trevor Cooper and Peter Tuddenham. Production is to the Big Finish standard, with Alistair Lock directing and moonlighting in the areas of music and sound design. However, with Uvanov getting jumpy as his political colleagues are mysteriously murdered, and Darrow set in enigmatic, ruthless mode, there's the inescapable feeling that *Kaldor City*, while entertaining, will need to quickly branch out to become more than just a slim variation on two themes.



LONGLEAT 83 – THE GREATEST SHOW IN THE GALAXY?

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As per the tagline to *The Sixth Sense*, this is a real 'must-see-twice' film. This look at Longleat's legendary *Doctor Who* Celebration rewinds to a time when optimism about the show was so strong, it could bring flowers into bloom and make rainy days bright. Who, of those queuing three hours for a Sarah Sutton autograph, would have thought that a programme which drew 30,000 people per day over the Easter weekend of 1983 would, just one year and 10 months later, be taken off the air and labelled 'unpopular'?

Watching this video twice may not, in fact, be enough. The first viewing takes in its documentary slant, with John Leeson pacing the oddly empty Wiltshire grounds to tell the story. This is intercut with new interview footage from 1980s producer John Nathan-Turner, BBC Exhibitions' head honcho Lorne Martin, attendees and still-gobsmacked Longleat officials. However, second, third and fourth viewings have you concentrating solely on the 1983-vintage footage – and more specifically, on the crowd. For those who went to the party, this Reeltime release is a potential nightmare. If you turned up in a Fifth Doctor costume your Gran made, but never told anyone, be ready to make your excuses. Even if you're just one of the thousands wrapped in a fur-hooded Parka, be prepared for your long-haired, uncool, 1983 self to wander into frame. If you weren't there, chances are you know someone who was, so the game's just the same.

The event is 19 years past come April, and although the crowd problems still irk some commentators, a rosy glow has settled on the whole thing. My confession is, I wasn't there. I'm part of what sometimes seems a minority who weren't – and who, via this video, can share a wistful 'if only' with a generation of newer fans for whom going there wasn't even an option.

If Boucher's mystery isn't driven by a particularly original plot, what keeps you reading? Firstly, a strong *Doctor Who*-ness; a good claustrophobic atmosphere that gets the reader looking over his or her shoulder. Secondly, there's Leela. It's a rare thing in *Doctor Who* for character and creator to stick so close, but *Corpse Marker* saw Boucher reclaim his savage, showing Leela as the efficient killing-machine of her early TV stories. In *Psi-ence Fiction*, we view her as a strategist, applying a clear, ordered reason to every decision she makes. The Doctor aside, no other character holds the same fascination for the author, the rest being pretty much 'what you see is what you get' types. In fact, we've seen their like before – the bitching students and disgruntled lecturers could easily mix with the crew of Storm Mine Four.

All in all, with its ghostly apparitions and, in the irascible Professor Finer, obvious bad guy, *Psi-ence Fiction* feels like a small, localised affair. But if it's as easy to guess the book's culprit as it is a *Scooby Doo* ghoul, what we don't know (for a surprisingly long time) is why he did it. The book clings onto its explanations, the crux of the story only being revealed in its last 30 pages. Boucher suddenly breaks from a stroll to a sprint, firing answers off like bullets, and wrapping up events with the haste of someone who's just remembered he's got to be somewhere else. Thank heavens for Leela and her constant questioning, then.

***Image of the Fendahl*: horrible goings-on on the fringes of science for the Doctor and 'Eustace'.** © BBC

Despite its pulp tendencies, *Psi-ence Fiction* turns out to be a morality tale, a book about guilt. It has the cynical streak of all Boucher's *Doctor Who* work – doubt about the paranormal joining his TV story views on religion, class and cultism – but never does he sledgehammer his opinions into the plot.

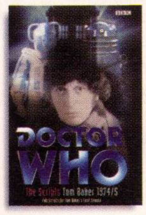
A few problems with pace and repetition aside, I'm left wanting to applaud *Psi-ence Fiction* for its unsettling mood, rather than to berate it for any lack of ambition. VANESSA BISHOP

Familiar

SCRIPT BOOKS – AN IDEA THAT WENT OUT WITH THE *ARK* ... ?

DOCTOR WHO: THE SCRIPTS – TOM BAKER 1974/5

NON-FICTION BBC Books
RRP £18.99
ISBN 0 563 53815 5



The release of scripts from *Doctor Who*'s 12th season demands an obvious response: why? Why do fans need scripts of stories already released on video, and that they are likely to own? Why, in fact, with the BBC Radio Collection releasing soundtracks of missing stories, do we need script books at all? The idea is a bit of a dinosaur, yet bookshops are stacked with them – film scripts, comedy scripts, all competing with the comparative ease of switching on a video or DVD. They don't even win out on price. In the crowded *Doctor Who* merchandise market, you feel only a relaunch of View-Masters could be more out of step.

This view is more than half right. If *Doctor Who* scripts were ever a must-have, it was in circa 1985; time and technology have since overtaken them. This collection goes some way towards recognising its own irrelevance, with attempts to make more of the material than Titan Publishing ever did with its own *Doctor Who* script book range. Each script is accompanied by a ten-page or so look at its production, from original idea to how things fared on location or in studio. However, the section doesn't want to get in too deep, so we get what reads like an annotated **DWM** *Archive* – something that would be a mine of information for the new fan but, the odd gem aside, very familiar to old-timers. More trying is how often the overviews repeat themselves, the same information popping up under different sub-headings. The problem is particularly pronounced early on, where an introduction by Terrance Dicks, a look at Tom Baker's casting and then the development of *Robot* all cover much the same ground.

The book also wants to put its scripts in context with other contemporaneous *Doctor Who* spin-offs, so stage show *The Seven Keys to Doomsday*, *Crackerjack* spoofs and *TV Comic* garner brief mentions. So too does a synopsis of Gerry Davis' *Return of the Cybermen* – as *Revenge* was known before its rewrite – and an examination of how Season 12 appeared on American TV, replete with some of veteran actor Howard da Silva's voice-overs.

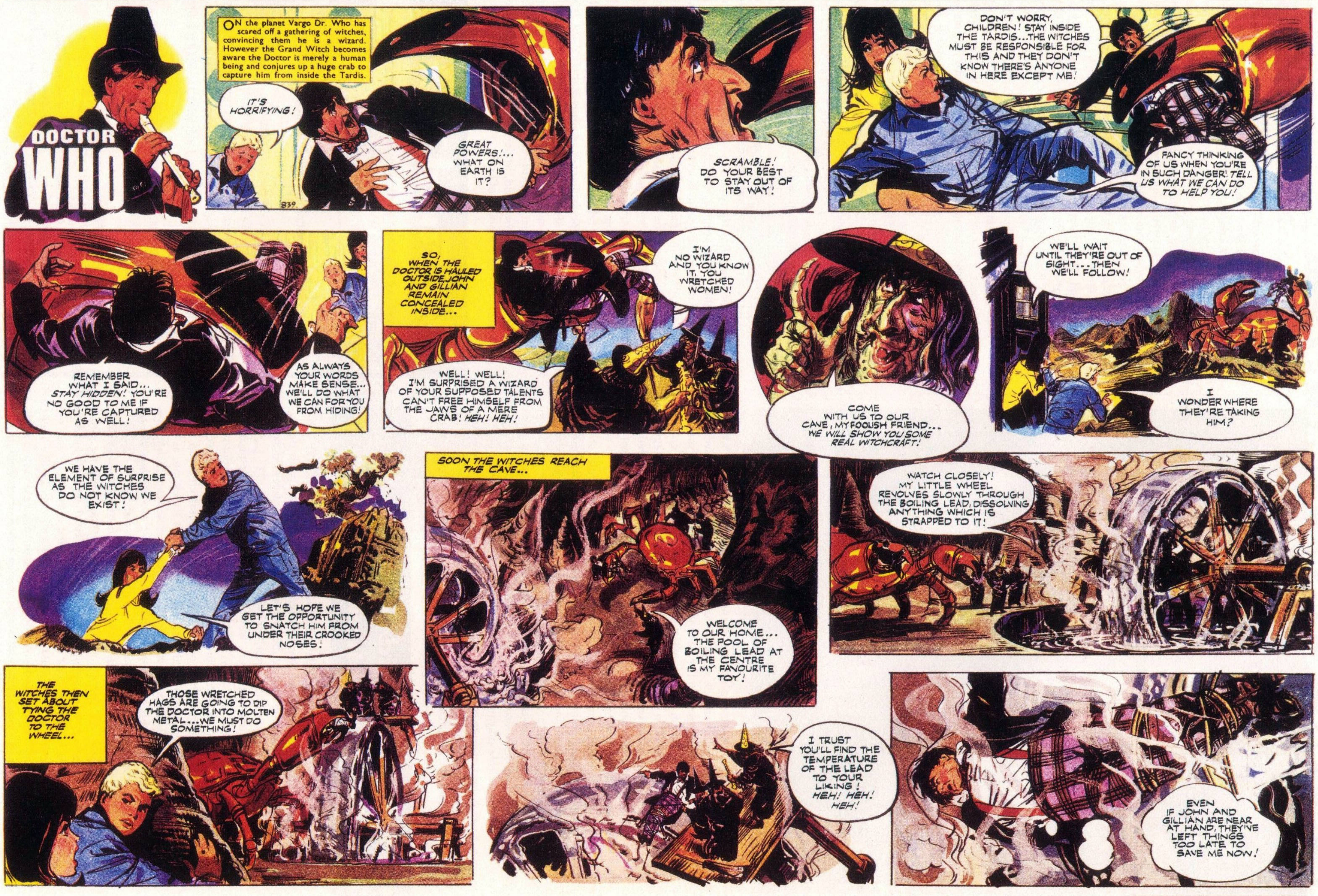
The main point of interest, however, is the book's decision to use camera scripts as its reference. These differ from the programme as broadcast, containing dialogue and shot scenes which didn't make the final edit. The changes are clearly marked, and it's by skipping through what was omitted or added, rather than reading a script in its entirety, that the book proves most entertaining. A few key scenes are hunted down instantly; the moment in *The Ark in Space*, for example, where Philip Hinchcliffe felt he'd overstepped the mark, cutting the scene in which the Doctor and Vira meet an anguished, half-Wirrn Noah. How strongly it was played can only be guessed at, but it feels very similar to the *Revelation of the Daleks* scene in which Natasha finds her half-Dalek father, pleading to be killed. The flipside of this can be just as surprising; lines always assumed to be the work of the writer turning out to be something invented by the actors – the Doctor and Harry's "Not fit!" exchange early on in *Robot*, for one.

And that, it seems, is as much as *The Scripts* can give you; pointing out scenes that didn't make it, and the odd alterations that did. Actually, not quite. As the Titan script books illustrated, there's a world of difference between reading dialogue and hearing it spoken. Although the lines here are familiar, it's striking to see how simple they look on the page. Sentences are efficient and the language clear and everyday, all unnecessary talk bypassed to emphasise the important stuff. Given the sheer number of CD dramas around these days, and all the aspiring scriptwriters angling for them, a book like this might become something of a bible – and a timely reminder not to overwrite. VANESSA BISHOP

There's a big difference between reading dialogue and hearing it

The Witches Part Three

More of this 1960s classic from the pages of *TV Comic*!

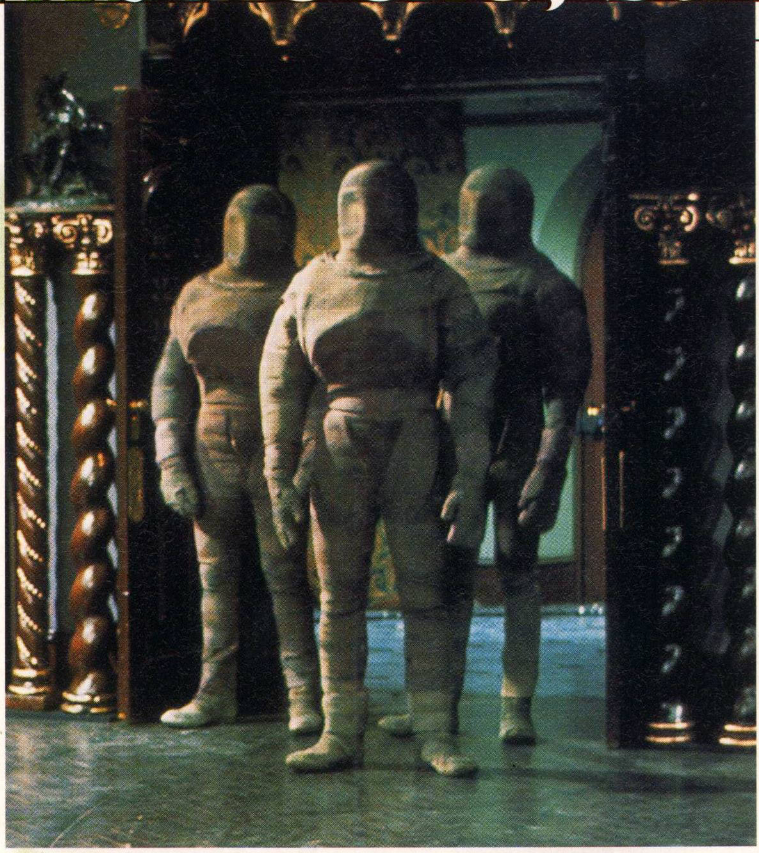

DOCTOR WHO
On the planet Vargo Dr. Who has scared off a gathering of witches, convincing them he is a wizard. However the Grand Witch becomes aware the Doctor is merely a human being and conjures up a huge crab to capture him from inside the Tardis.
IT'S HORRIFYING!
GREAT POWERS!... WHAT ON EARTH IS IT?
839
SCRAMBLE! DO YOUR BEST TO STAY OUT OF ITS WAY!
DON'T WORRY, CHILDREN! STAY INSIDE THE TARDIS...THE WITCHES MUST BE RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS AND THEY DON'T KNOW THERE'S ANYONE IN HERE EXCEPT ME!
FANCY THINKING OF US WHEN YOU'RE IN SUCH DANGER! TELL US WHAT WE CAN DO TO HELP YOU!
REMEMBER WHAT I SAID... STAY HIDDEN! YOU'RE NO GOOD TO ME IF YOU'RE CAPTURED AS WELL!
AS ALWAYS YOUR WORDS MAKE SENSE... WE'LL DO WHAT WE CAN FOR YOU FROM HIDING!
SO, WHEN THE DOCTOR IS HAULED OUTSIDE, JOHN AND GILLIAN REMAIN CONCEALED INSIDE...
I'M NO WIZARD AND YOU KNOW IT, YOU WRETCHED WOMEN!
WELL! WELL! I'M SURPRISED A WIZARD OF YOUR SUPPOSED TALENTS CAN'T FREE HIMSELF FROM THE JAWS OF A MERE CRAB! HEH! HEH!
COME WITH US TO OUR CAVE, MY FOOLISH FRIEND... WE WILL SHOW YOU SOME REAL WITCHCRAFT!
WE'LL WAIT UNTIL THEY'RE OUT OF SIGHT... THEN WE'LL FOLLOW!
I WONDER WHERE THEY'RE TAKING HIM?
WE HAVE THE ELEMENT OF SURPRISE AS THE WITCHES DO NOT KNOW WE EXIST!
LET'S HOPE WE GET THE OPPORTUNITY TO SNATCH HIM FROM UNDER THEIR CROOKED NOSES!
SOON THE WITCHES REACH THE CAVE...
WELCOME TO OUR HOME... THE POOL OF BOILING LEAD AT THE CENTRE IS MY FAVOURITE TOY!
WATCH CLOSELY! MY LITTLE WHEEL REVOLVES SLOWLY THROUGH THE BOILING LEAD, DISSOLVING ANYTHING WHICH IS STRAPPED TO IT!
THE WITCHES THEN SET ABOUT TYING THE DOCTOR TO THE WHEEL...
THOSE WRETCHED HAGS ARE GOING TO DIP THE DOCTOR INTO MOLTEN METAL... WE MUST DO SOMETHING!
I TRUST YOU'LL FIND THE TEMPERATURE OF THE LEAD TO YOUR LIKING! HEH! HEH! HEH!
EVEN IF JOHN AND GILLIAN ARE NEAR AT HAND, THEY'VE LEFT THINGS TOO LATE TO SAVE ME NOW!

To be continued ...

It's the end, but ...

by **The Watcher**

I'll take Pyramids of Mars over The Mummy Returns any day



Long-suffering readers of this column will be only too wearily aware that one of its customary opening gambits involves the confession that I've been involving myself in some fresh species of foolish activity, whether it be trivial, uninteresting, embarrassing or just plain idiotic. This month, as a special treat, I've managed to combine all of these attributes in one single, reckless, feckless deed: I've just purchased, and even more insanely I've actually sat down and watched, the DVD of *Krull*.

I'm sure you remember *Krull*. Not to be confused with Kroll (or even Krill), its 1983 vintage places it slap-bang in the middle of a positive torrent of sword-and-sorcery flicks that came gushing from every major studio in the early 1980s, cashing in on the massive vogue for all things Tolkienesque that had bewitched a generation of unhygienic teenage boys following the inexorable rise of Dungeons and Dragons (an insanely complex role-playing game which is now, so I'm told by the youngsters next door, making something of a comeback). Back then I was myself one of those teenagers, and although I never quite got to grips with the Byzantine rules of Dungeons and Dragons, I certainly saw all the films that flourished in its wake: *Beastmaster*, *Dragonslayer*, *Clash of the Titans*, *Legend*, *Hawk the Slayer*, interminable *Conans* – at the time it seemed as if the parade of oiled, monosyllabic bodybuilders joining forces with pointy-eared elves to rescue badly-dubbed Pre-Raphaelite princesses from camp guest-star demons would never, ever cease.

Krull, I'd venture to suggest, was one of the better ones. Some of the effects may look a little tatty, but it boasts a lively and thoughtful script, some remarkably beautiful production design and a hugely respectable cast, so I'm delighted to report that my digitally remastered trip down memory lane was one of unalloyed happiness. And it struck me, as these things tend to do when one is a silly old codger, that however technologically outmoded this sort of movie now appears, it's nevertheless so very much more substantial than what the kids are offered today.

Did you take yourself along to see Tom Baker's turn as a pointy-eared elf in the *Dungeons and Dragons* movie earlier this year? Yeah, me too. Tom, needless to say, was sublime, and Richard O'Brien was resoundingly enjoyable in his all-too-brief cameo. But as for the rest of it ... give me strength! *Krull*, however dated, delivers a palpable sense of wonder. *Dungeons and Dragons*, on the other hand, appears to have no sense at all, valuing effects more highly than imagination or coherent storytelling. And at some stage while watching either this film or the arse-clenchingly moronic flapdoodle that was *The Mummy Returns*, I began to realise that, in any case, I really, really don't like CGI. It's rubbish.

Well, okay, that's not entirely fair. It's not the technology itself that's at fault, so much as the indiscriminate use to which it's put. In the right hands, CGI can be stunning. When *Terminator 2* appeared a decade ago, our jaws hit the ground at the spectacle of the mercury-man melting through bars and disappearing into the parquet floor. We'd never seen anything like it. When *Jurassic Park* arrived a couple of years later, we swooned at the breathtaking marvel of living, breathing dinosaurs, light years in advance of anything the cinema had ever shown us before. But in both of those films the effects, however scene-stealing, were only the means to an end. The trouble with CGI is that it has so rapidly become accessible and affordable that it is now an end in itself. It was a very short step from *Jurassic Park* to 1998's tired, boring old *Godzilla* remake, in which the monster *is* the film and there's nothing else on offer.

To date, of course, *Doctor Who*'s only flirtation with CGI has been the wibbly-wobbly *Abyss*-like snake thing in the TV Movie, though the spectacular Nestene creations in BBV's *Auton* spin-offs have given us an inkling of what homegrown *Doctor Who* might look like today. All very respectable and, it goes without saying, infinitely less embarrassing than the Tythonian or the Myrka. But the present obsession with special effects as the be-all and end-all of science fiction is a matter of great concern. At any given point in the 1960s, 1970s and 1980s, *Doctor Who*'s effects were never remotely state-of-the-art, nor did they pretend to be. If you're in any doubt, watch *Star Wars* back-to-back with the contemporaneous *Underworld*. The much-praised opening shot of *The Trial of a Time Lord* is fine, but for Pete's sake, it appeared at the same time as *Aliens*. There's no point in trying to compete, and for the most part the makers of *Doctor Who* knew and respected that. They created good television by doing other, cleverer things instead.

What's worrying about CGI is that it appears to be sucking the artistry and inventiveness out of everything it touches. Surely the reason everyone still adores those old Ray Harryhausen stop-frame movies is their sheer dedication, their irreplaceable, ineffable sense of graft. There's love, talent, commitment and sweat in every single frame of that amazing skeleton swordfight in *Jason and the Argonauts* which, just like the Zygons or the Krynoids or the Jagaroth spaceship, offers a sense of creative endeavour that will always seem far more admirable, real and watchable than anything that some whizz-bang software and an infinite number of mouse-clicks can conjure up.

So if you don't mind, I'll take the gorgeous art direction, the nail-biting atmosphere and the rich performances of Boris Karloff's *The Mummy* – and, indeed, of *Pyramids of Mars* – over any amount of effects-heavy, lobotomised blockbusters that care to debase the currency of that particular horror genre. Ditto *The Haunting*. Ditto *Planet of the Apes*. And Tom Baker or no Tom Baker, I'm afraid the vapid, irrelevant *Dungeons and Dragons* is no match whatsoever for the power of *Krull*. DWM

The Final Test

"Whaaat?" said TV's fourth Doctor Who with alarming regularity. And "Whaaat?" is, we're sure, what you'll all be saying as you peruse this issue's 'fun' quiz. No prizes. No hope ...

What connects:

1 Marcus Scarman, Delta [pictured], Sezon and Varga?

2 A scientist killed by Ice Warriors, a soldier who fought Cybermen and a trooper who nearly did?

3 Ian, Susan and Barbara, Jo, Drax, plus the Doctor on each occasion?

4 A narcotic source, a fishy invader and a royal beast?

5 Fendleman and Thea, Duggan and Todd, Stien and Ruth Maxtible, Yrcanos and Thalia?

6 *Revenge of the Cybermen*, *Terror of the Zygons*, *The Seeds of Doom*, and all of Season 18?

Answers from last issue

1 The actors who played them (Mike Reid, Leslie Grantham and Michael Melia) have all done time as the landlord of the Queen Vic in *EastEnders*

2 Teeth: Gaptooth (*The Smugglers*); Broken Tooth (*The Trial of a Time Lord*); Fang Rock

3 They all feature actor Cyril Shaps

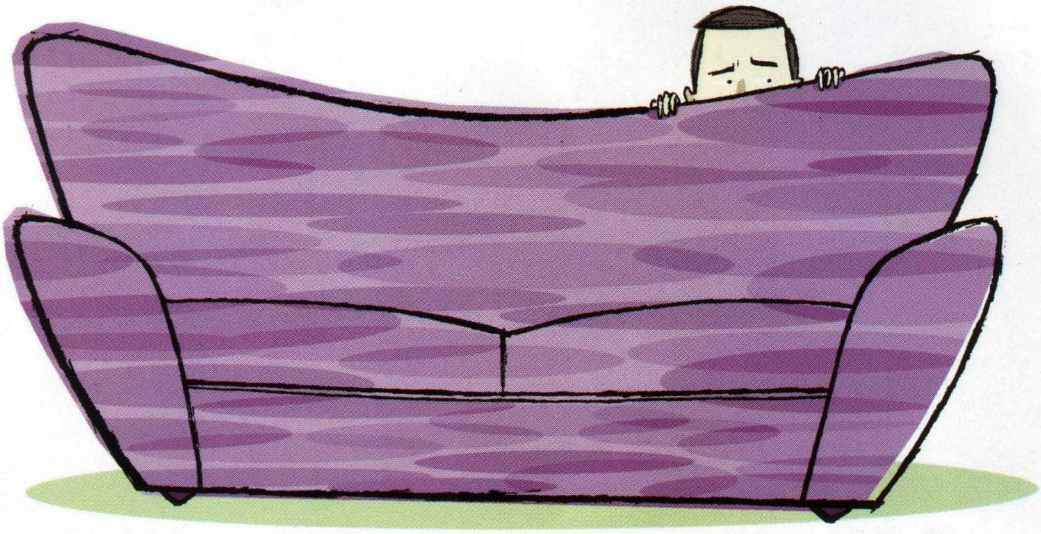
4 All trapped in a time-loop (Axos; the Fifth Planet in *Image of the Fendahl*; the Vardans in *The Invasion of Time*)

5 All called Wilson (*The Sea Devils*; *The Seeds of Doom*; *K9 and Company*)

6 They're the only stories to feature a 'real' Police Box

Grayswandir

DOCTOR WHO @ BLACKSTAR



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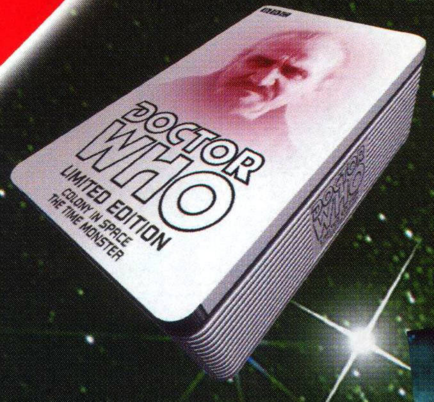
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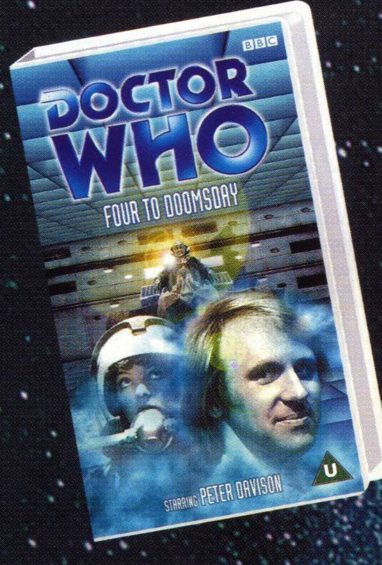
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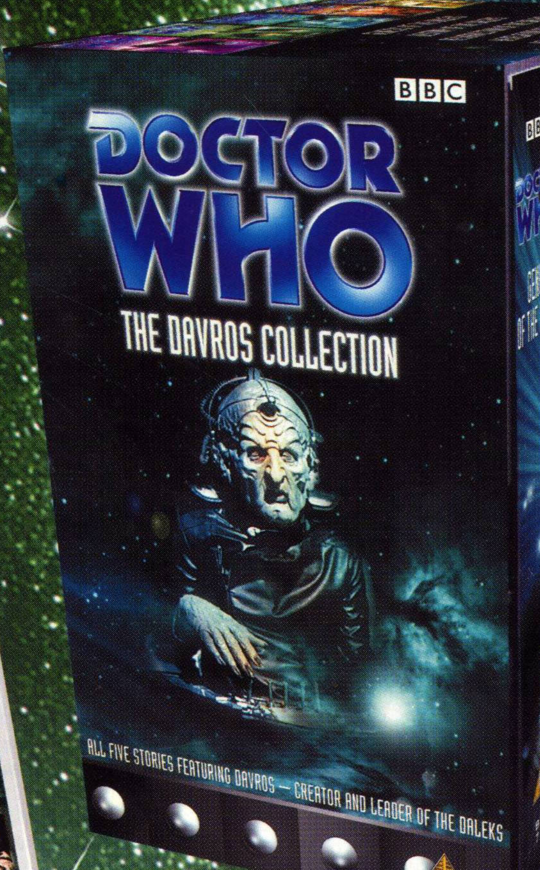
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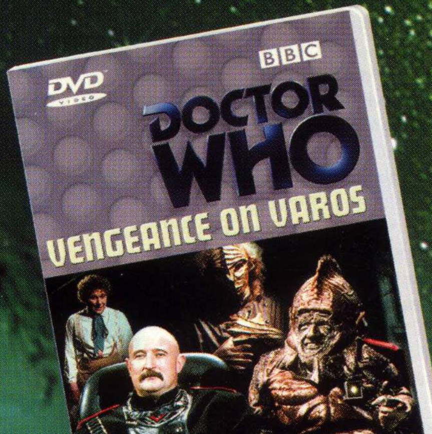
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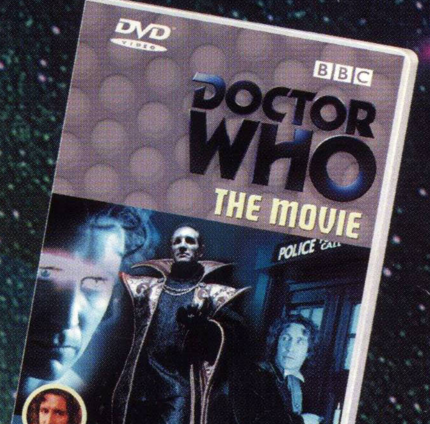
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